

# THE CHRONICLES

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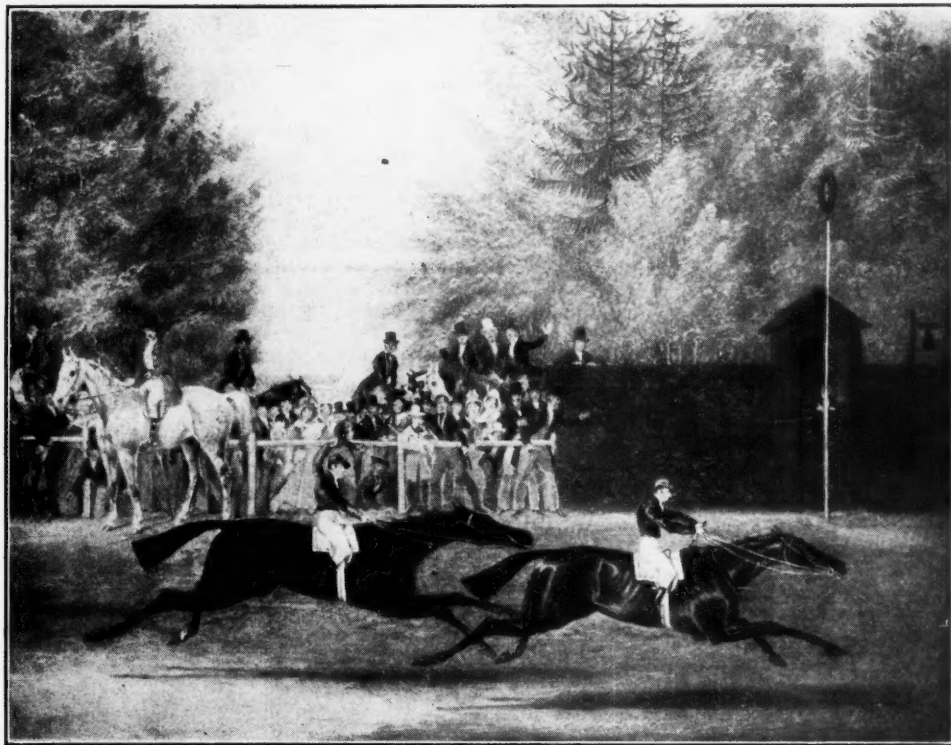
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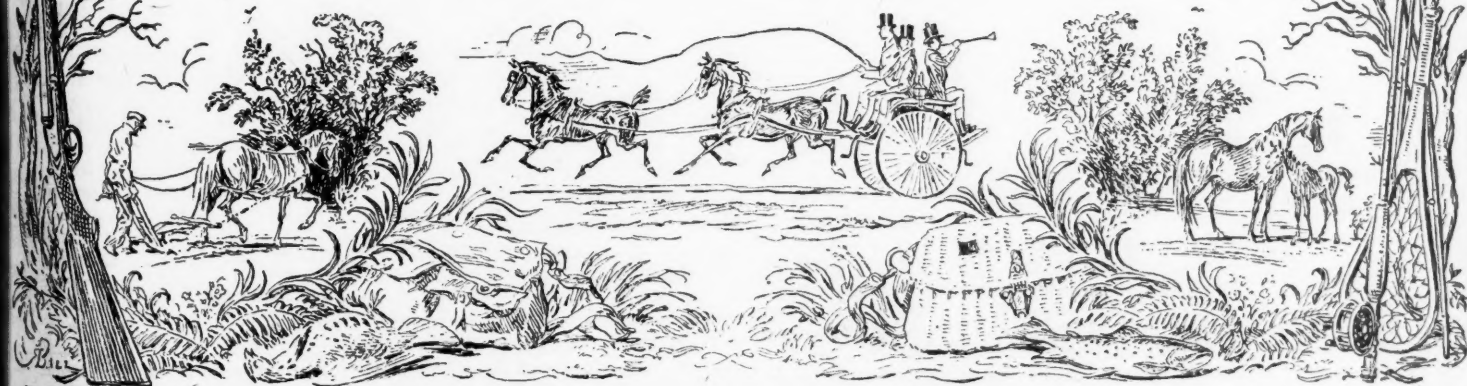
## Slane Defeating Zohrab At Goodwood 1837

Painted by J. Pollard



Courtesy Sherman Flint.

Details Page 15.



AMERICA'S HUNTS AUTHORITY

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## The Chronicle

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## BALANCE

To men who like to ride horses and jump fences, who enjoy the  
very real thrill of a well timed performance over a flight of rails  
whether it be hunting foxes, ruming a drag, in a show ring or hunter  
trial, the sine qua non is always towards perfection. Balance and  
better balance, timing for the proper approach, timing for a take off  
that is not too far away nor too close, timing for a landing and the  
recovery stride. It is a game that is intrinsically difficult to teach  
for it is asking overly much of an animal to carry a load on his back,  
collect himself with this load whether on or off balance, spring off  
his hind legs, make a perfect arc 4'-0" high and perhaps 18 to 20 feet  
and carry on unruffled and unhurried.

The essence of the thing is timing and balance. These are diffi-  
cult intangible things at best. Men are born with them, they are not  
acquired or if so only by hours of practice and concentration. In prac-  
tice such characteristics are in the tips of one's fingers, in the fibrous  
muscles of one's legs and arms and oddly enough in the very base of  
one's brain. One inherits good timing, a sense of balance as deeply  
as one is born with an ear for music, a good sense of smell or a keen  
pair of eyes. A Thoroughbred has these same characteristics bred  
in him, but man can give him a better sense of balance and timing  
than that with which he was born. He can teach him a more perfect  
timing and balance than he can acquire himself or that man can ever  
hope to acquire.

These things lend a fascination for horsemen in their task of  
making a horse jump. When a horse is able to perform well it gives  
a peculiar sense of satisfaction to the man who brought this timing  
into play, created the balance and the proportion. A tennis shot or  
a golf shot, a well timed christiana, or a forward pass are man  
made with an inanimate object. A jump with a horse has all of the  
timing of these other athletic achievements but it depends on muscles  
and an intelligence and that impossible to define sense of coordination  
not in man but that man has instilled into a high strung, nervous  
excitable animal.

It is these things that are bringing certain very good horsemen  
together during the next few weeks before Spring in meetings from  
Carolina to Connecticut from Pennsylvania to Illinois. They are a  
small group but they represent the very acme of the skill that it takes,  
the knowledge that has been acquired over the years to make a horse  
jump cleverly, safely and in balance not just through the timing of  
his rider, but fully extended and on his own. There are certain aids  
and controls which a horseman can exert in every phase of jumping  
except that of timber racing. A good horseman in a timber race may  
get a bad horse around where a mediocre horseman will fall, but his  
opportunities for control are at a minimum as compared to a show  
ring, hunting or hunter trial performance.

This is perhaps, some of the fascination for timber racing and it  
appeals to only a relatively few horsemen for it is only these few  
who work closely enough with a horse to know the difficulties a horse  
asked to race over timber is up against. Because of these very diffi-  
culties these same men are pledged to keep on with their work. They  
will spend years with a horse, they will rise early to breeze him, they  
will spend hours going over breeding charts to find horses whose

## "LORD DERBY"—AN APPRECIATION

In any other country it would have been Royalty or the Presi-  
dent or a Film Star, instead it was the arrival of an elderly gentleman  
in a wheel chair who was being slowly pushed to the back of the  
stands. The milling crowd respectfully made way and then, with a  
show of emotion that was quite un-English in its lack of restraint,  
there was suddenly a cheer, and then another, and hats were spon-  
taneously raised until the whole enclosure was saluting the best be-  
loved of British sportsmen. Later in the afternoon, it was the first  
day of the Grand National Meeting at Liverpool last year, the famous  
colours—black, white cap—which were first registered in 1780—  
were successfully carried to victory. As the horses passed the post,  
there was a mighty roar that started amongst the humbler folk and  
quickly enveloped the whole course. Tears ran down Lord Derby's  
face as he watched his horse being unsaddled. The race and the horse  
were not significant. He had saddled many better winners of more  
valuable races. It was the reception that was remarkable. His  
presence that afternoon, and he was a sick man in his 82nd year, had  
moved the tough regulars of the race track to a demonstration quite  
alien to their natures, and the victory of his horse had stirred the  
hearts of the general public in a salutation normally reserved for  
very special occasions.

In 40 years Lord Derby won more than a thousand races, worth  
nearly £845,000 in stake money. His contribution to breeding hardly  
needs any stressing, for the Stanley House Stud has consistently  
turned out a succession of first rank classic horses. In all, he won  
20 classic races and headed the list of winning owners on seven oc-  
casions, and the list of winning breeders on ten. Three times he won  
the Derby. In 1924 with Sansovino and in 1933 with Hyperion,  
(which went on to win the St. Leger), and then, during the war, the  
substitute race run at Newmarket in 1942 with Watling Street. The  
names down the years, of such mares as Gondolette, Selene, Canter-  
bury Pilgrim, and Scapa Flow, give an indication of what he has  
done to maintain the prestige of the Thoroughbred and the contribu-  
tion that the blood of his horses has made to racing throughout the  
world.

But this is not the full story. It is one that in yearly statistics  
creates an awe inspiring record of success, but it does not in itself  
account for the deep affection with which he was regarded by people  
in all walks of life. There have been men before who have inherited  
wealth and position, but few can have made their name so completely  
synonymous with the finest traditions of sportsmanship. Undoubt-  
edly it was his completely frank manner that made it possible for Tom,  
Dick, or Harry to forget the occasion and talk naturally and at ease  
with a man who had no affections. They knew that, if the large car,  
and the estate, and strings of racehorses were suddenly taken away,  
there would be no change in his greeting, because there was never  
a hint of patronage in his relations with the less fortunate.

Sport to Lord Derby did not only mean entertainment for the  
passive spectator but encompassed the wide range of past times  
that take young men and women away from the backstreets and  
give them a chance to develop normally and healthily in the spirit of  
competition. For this, and many other like causes, he worked un-  
tiringly, both privately and in positions of high public service.

But of course this Grand Old Man of British racing will be re-  
membered the world over for his horses; and wherever people gather  
together to talk of sport there'll be a voice raised saying, "It's the  
love of the thing that counts, no matter who wins" and that will be  
the voice of the late Lord Derby. That was his creed and that was  
the message he left to all of us—who love sport.—T. C.

## Lord Derby's 20 Classic winners follow:

Two Thousand Guineas— Colorado, 1926 Garden Path, 1944	Hyperion, 1933 Watling Street, 1942
One Thousand Guineas— Canyon, 1916 Ferry, 1918 Tranquil, 1923 Fair Isle, 1930 Tide-way, 1936 Herringbone, 1943 Sun Stream, 1945	Oaks— Toboggan, 1928 Sun Stream 1945 St. Leger— Swynford, 1910 Keysoe, 1919 Tranquil, 1923 Fairway, 1928 Hyperion, 1933 Herringbone, 1943
Derby— Sansovino, 1924	

ancestors seem to be imbued with that balance and timing, they will  
take disappointment after disappointment and each knows he is seek-  
ing the millenium and for what? For Sport. No one ever got rich  
from timber racing. No one ever made a living from the earnings of  
a timber horse, but many men and women cherish today, years after  
they have watched two horses race at a timber fence, an unforget-  
table, thrilling picture which can never be erased from their minds.

This year Harry Kirkover is going to be able to revive his  
Carolina Cup the first of the season's timber races. He and his com-  
mittee are planning it right now in Carolina. Richmond horsemen  
are developing plans for not one but two timber races, one at 185  
pounds, particularly designed for amateur horsemen and their hunt-  
ing horses. Maryland, the cradle of timber racing, will have its  
Maryland Cup, its Grand National, and its My Lady's Manor Point-  
to-Point. A trend is developing for heavyweight timber races.  
Hunt meetings wish to encourage hunt club members to take a  
part which is rightfully the task of the hunter. This is the best  
course. The necessary balance and timing must come from hundreds  
upon hundreds of jumps that muscle a horse properly, jumps that  
catch him off balance, jumps which he strikes and from which he  
must recover, jumps in which the load on his back becomes so custo-  
mary, that he performs without realizing it is there. So long as there  
are good horsemen who like to go foxhunting, there will be timber  
racing, but let no one who comes to watch it forget what he is  
seeing for it is sport at its height and it is racing under the most  
difficult and exacting conditions possible for a horse and man to  
achieve together.



## Idle Horses In Winter Time

### Care of Fit Horses Confined To Stables Requires Careful Attention To Feeding And Stable Management

Margaret de Martelly



When we read the verse about horses in the Book of Job, we might assume that the horse is traditionally a beast of towering strength. Such phrases as, "Hast Thou clothed his neck with thunder—He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength—He saith among the trumpets ha-ha and he smelleth the battle afar off—" might be misleading to present day owners of horses that are stabled and blanketed and so forth. Actually, horses are quite frail, in the sense that, since their subjugation to man's use, they are subject to so many ills, brought on by man's unintentional folly.

With most of the country in the throes of an intensely cold winter, it seems apropos to discuss some of the more common ills which arise, not concurrently, but rather, subsequent to a sustained period of idleness, without proper safe-guards.

It is a recognized fact that every horse, like every human, needs an annual vacation. This is not in opposition to the ancient Arabian doctrine that fat and rest are the two things most harmful to a horse. It means, simply, that he must not be allowed to stand for days, followed by spotty exercise. Exercise must be regular or rest must be complete.

Azoturia is the most common ill effect of the combination of rest without diet restrictions. This disease occurs immediately upon resumption of work, if proper precautions have not been taken. It is a paralysis, sometimes partial and sometimes total, of the horse's hind quarters. It is caused by food of a high nitrogen content, that is not completely consumed by exercise. The horse's kidneys are effected, yet the effects do not show until the horse begins to work. Often, during the first quarter mile, after period of idleness, a horse will collapse, sweat profusely and it is frequently fatal. Having suffered even a mild attack, he is always more susceptible to a second, which usually ends in death. Therefore it is of vital importance to regulate the feeding of grain, especially oats. Oats have the highest nitrogen content of any known horse feed. There is a rule which, through centuries, has proved infallible. The weight of the horse must, first, be determined. That does not mean that he should be trucked to the nearest coal yard and placed on the scales, because any competent veterinarian can guess a horse's weight sufficiently accurately. The horse is fed one pound of grain per hundred pounds of horse per day. That is considered average ration when the horse is working. If he is hunting three or four times a week, it can be increased. If he is going out for an hour a day, for very light work, it should be cut nearly in half. If he is not being worked at all, he should have only quarter rations of grain.

Corn is fattening but also heating. Soft flesh which is easily lost, profuse sweating and lack of endurance are often the results of feeding corn excessively to the lighter breeds. Hay, then, becomes vastly important in the diet of an idle horse. If allowed to munch hay all night, it soothes his nerves, keeps the edge off of his appetite, provides proper distention of his intestines and supplies mineral and vitamin content to his diet. Timothy hay is recognized as the best type for horses. Alfalfa is apt to have a loosening effect, so that digestive juices do not have time to do their work.

During a long period of rest, the horse's shoes should be pulled and

his hoofs beveled, to prevent breaking. Barefooted, he has a chance not only to relax, but to correct minor faults which have risen from improper shoeing.

Spring vacations are, of course, less of a worry because the horse can romp around in pasture, munching tender, green grass. Bedding is conserved and stall cleaning is less of a chore. That is not always so good for the future of the pasture, however. While winter vacations are more strenuous for the stable hand, they are, by far, the more advantageous for the horse. At the top of the list of "reasons why", is the one that he will not be asked to gallop on hard, frozen ground. Thus will be avoided all excessive concussion to both horny and sensitive structures of his hoofs. He then, will not be so susceptible to ring bone, side bone, laminitis, bowed tendons and a long, long list of dire potentialities.

When the vacation is over and

shoes are replaced, feeding and exercise should be increased cautiously and proportionately. The horse must be conditioned gradually for the sake of his heart, his pulmonary organs, his muscles and tendons. A hunter should be clipped in the Fall, but not in the Spring. Nature takes care of the disposal of his winter coat gradually, as he is groomed, in perfect timing to the reconditioning of his blood for the changed temperatures. In Autumn it is different. He sweats while hunting and the long coat makes it hard to dry him out. Thus he catches cold. After clipping, he must be blanketed in his stall, of course.

As a closing thought, I should like to offer a huge "DON'T" to those enthusiastic teen agers, who cannot resist giving their idle horses

a handful of oats, every time they go to the stable for a visit. That is what is known as killing them with loving care.

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## California Horsemanship Meeting

Revival of Equestrian Sports Association  
Opens Way For Organized Effort To  
Improve Riding Standards In Local Circuit

Hermann Friedlander

The decision of the U. S. Army to eliminate the horse from all of its activities and the dissolution of the Military Equestrian Team at the conclusion of the forthcoming Olympic Games in London is a matter of great concern to all those interested in horses. It is bound to have far reaching consequences.

Any army which depends on horses in the solution of its vital task of national defense must by necessity employ the soundest and best training and riding methods at its command. For, when long distances have to be covered day in and out on poor roads or across country, when bullets are flying, feed and water scarce and replacements unavailable, only one thing counts, namely: The training must have been such that it has rendered horse and rider fit and able to meet the requirements with a minimum of effort on the part of both.

It has taken the U. S. Army many years to develop its horsemanship and to bring it to a point where it could take part in modern international competitions and hold its own. Ever since the year 1907, when Captain Guy V. Henry and W. C. Short (both now retired as generals) were sent to the French Cavalry School Saumur, have American officers been sent regularly to the great European centers of equitation such as Saumur, Hannover, Vienna, Pinerolo and Tor di Quinto. Through these officers the centuries old principles of dressage have been introduced into the American Army, and through it eventually, though often in a very diluted form, into civilian circles. Unfortunately, the number of men who passed through Fort Riley's school of equitation has steadily decreased in recent years. Nevertheless, as long as that school existed at all, the equestrian tradition was kept alive and at least a nucleus of well trained men and horses maintained. With the closing of that school all this will change, and the responsibility of preserving the tried and proven principles of riding and horsemanship and dressage is squarely put on the shoulders of the civilian riders.

Keenly aware of this fact and the necessity for concrete action, Major George de Roaldes of Santa Barbara, California, called a meeting of a number of competent horsemen. About a dozen men and women met on Sunday, January 11 in Pasadena to discuss the matter and to map out a plan of concerted action. Among those present were men of widest experience, such as Major Hartmann Pauly, for many years a member of the distinguished Hungarian Team, and Commandant Ganshof van der Meersch, formerly of Belgium, graduate from Saumur's highest ranking equitation course (Cours de Perfectionnement) and before the war winner of international competitions in England, Ireland, Italy and Switzerland, and fourth in the Prix Des Nations of the last Olympic Games. Colonel George Huthsteiner, U. S. Army retired, and former senior instructor at the Cavalry School Fort Riley was not able to be present, but sent his greetings and assurance of his support.

In opening the meeting, Major de Roaldes pointed at the unfortunately low standards of horsemanship of the civilian rider in general and at the regrettable fact that horse shows as run at present did little if anything to improve the situation. He felt, and he was supported by everyone present, that probably the best approach to the problem at hand was to begin with instilling more of the spirit of the FEI into the shows and to encourage and sponsor training tests. These training tests, if conducted according to FEI Rules, should bring about a more thorough and profound education of both rider and horse, and result is a better quality of riding.

It was subsequently decided to reactivate the Equestrian Sports Association, dormant since the beginning of the last war, with the objectives of:

1. Furthering horsemanship in general;
2. Working for a unified system of instructions,
3. Providing uniform competitions in the sense of the FEI, and
4. Making available qualified judges whose judging conforms to the highest standards and eliminates as much as possible the element of personal taste.

An executive committee was formed and charged with the task of working out details for the training tests to be patterned after the F. E. I. Caprilli Prize. This is an elementary contest consisting of two parts:

- (a) An elementary horsemanship phase to demonstrate the calmness, alertness and manageability to the horse, as well as the regularity, lightness and extension of his gaits;
- (b) A jumping course of about 1500 feet, containing a dozen varied, but simple obstacles to be covered at a speed of from 1000 to 1200 feet per minute and requiring various changes of lead.

A regular circuit of competitions will be established which will put the riders systematically before tasks of gradual increasing difficulty. The Santa Barbara County Riding Club, Rosalind Johnson's School of Equitation, the Flintridge Riding Club, and one or two other organizations will constitute this circuit for the time being. The first training test under the Equestrian Sport Association (ESA) sponsorship is scheduled for April. Each competitor will know exactly what is expected of him and how he will be judged, eliminating all doubt and uncertainty.

While this movement for the improvement of horsemanship is entirely local in character at present, it is to be hoped that other sections of the country will follow suit, for the sake of the sport and a tradition that must not die.

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## Record Entries At Secor Farms Club Horse Show

Elaine Moore

At White Plains, February 8, undaunted by ice, snow and hazardous driving conditions, the members—junior and senior—of the Secor Farms Riding Club on Hillair Circle turned out in record numbers to stage one of the most successful of these club shows. With a record twenty-eight entries in the working hunter class, and nine teams of hunters, the indoor ring looked like Madison Square Garden at warm-up time. The club was fortunate in being able to induce Mr. and Mrs. John J. Farrell to brave the weather and drive down from Connecticut to serve as judges.

The show got off to a literally flying start with the flying heels of one or two of the colts entered in the bridle path hack hunter type class. Nineteen horses, all feeling fresh as the proverbial daisy, seemed to think that the judges' "Canter please—" command was their long-awaited chance to see just how far up the wall they could throw their hind legs and just how many of their neighbors they could kick. After a frenzied minute of this, the judges decided to spare a few lives and put some color back into blanched faces. A hurried, "Walk, please—" was passed along by the ring steward, young Captain David Rose, and calm settled down along with the tanbark and the shavings. Eight horses were then called into the middle of the ring and the others, after a brief ride-off just to be sure, were eliminated.

Miss Jo Hanlon's beautifully flashy chestnut, Jungle Jim, trotted off with a well-deserved blue, with Leigh Grahame's Cinderella placing second under the very able guidance of Nancy Lindsay, who left baby, husband, and home to come up and offer her services as jockey for some of the more fractious horses.

The little maiden horsemanship class offered a quiet interlude for judges and spectators alike. In a solemn and orderly manner, eight

youngsters walked, trotted and cantered in this class that was won by Miss Linda Vallenstein, with Pamela Moore getting the red.

Miss Jean Cochran, who seemed determined all day to be the first to enter the ring, started off the working hunter class by giving Hi Cotner, Hugh Grant Straus' very able hunter, a ride that looked hard to beat. The course was four post-and-rail fences, set at three foot six, then down over a small chicken coop to reverse and take the post and rails backwards, finishing up on a low stone wall. Another of Hugh Grant Straus' string, the bay, Catnip, outdid his chestnut stablemate to come in first in the finals, with Jungle Jim second, Mrs. Joshua Barney's Moonsoon third and Hi Cotner fourth.

The working hunter class was followed by the little maiden jumping class, some of whom rode as well and as coolly as old campaigners. Among these was the winner, Margaret Carlson, and her runner-up, Denny Monroe.

Peace and quiet were once more shattered, however, and the audience deserted the bar to crowd around the huge window of the pine-paneled clubroom that makes horse show spectating so comfortable and enjoyable at Secor Farms. The hunt teams were off with a fast pace and a recklessness that recalled Corinthian traditions of gay young blades. A black team that included The Hawk, once owned by Mrs. Elizabeth Correll and now owned and ridden by Captain Oliver

Continued on Page Seventeen



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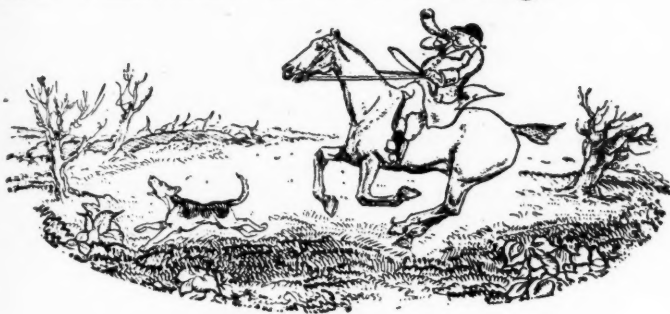
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## The Wherefore of Fox Hunting



### An Apology For Fox Hunting By Those Who Are In Fact The Species Best Friend As Well As Its Hunters

DeCourcy Wright

It may occur to some that the apology is intended for the fox species, individuals of which are subjected to harassment, danger and even death, in the conduct of the sport. Yet upon consideration, it would seem that fox-hunters are the best friends the foxes have among all human-kind, and the latter, in their favorite sport, are far less cruel than nature would be, were there no human beings in the world. Sometimes a fox is killed in the hunt but not very often in America, for the reason that foxes are fewer here than in England and Ireland, from whence we have derived the sport, and the country here is much better adapted to the fox's safety when pursued by hounds. Yet supposing there is a kill, it is a very quick process, taking only a few seconds, and death must come to every fox, one way or another; nature has only lent him to the world, as she has all other living creatures, and will have him back into her infinite collection of dead things, ere long in any case. Death by disease or starvation would be far more cruel, and the death which would be meted out to him by man-kind (all except the small minority interested in fox hunting) would be in all probability, by means of catching one poor leg in a steel-trap, so that he would be tortured for an indefinite time, until the trapper should come along at his convenience to give him his quietus, or else by poison, or by shooting, with always the chance of being wounded and having to die slowly and painfully.

Let no animal lover who wears furs, whether of fox or other furbearer, criticize fox-hunters with horse and hound for cruelty to the foxes.

No, this apology is not to the foxes, nor is it to those inclined to deplore the consumption of time and energy involved in the conduct of hunting organizations, for all sports take time and energy as well as money, and the more highly evolved and involved modern civilization becomes, the more necessary are sports to relieve the monotony and soul-weariness incidental to a work-a-day world. Especially do we need sports which bring us into contact with wild nature and the great out-doors.

Shooting and fishing serve well enough in this respect, but how much longer will it be possible for the average man to go forth with gun or fishing tackle and gratify his heart's desire? There will be game and fish no doubt, propagated in captivity, and maintained in semi-captivity, in protected areas, but wildness will be gone from the sport of taking them, while one fox, on his native heath, will furnish sport for a dozen hunts, to maybe fifty or a hundred people, through the season, and all the while he living happily his wild fox life. What matter is it if he eats a rabbit or a chicken now and then? That is his only cost to the community, little enough by comparison with the taxes expended for the propagation of game and fish. The fox stands out as the hero of wild animals for he has been able to perpetuate his species in the face of universal hostility, and today or rather tonight, prowls audaciously about the country-side, as wild as ever he was two thousand years ago, while so many other wild creatures,

in this part of the world are to be found only in menageries. The eagles have gone from the skies, the ruffed grouse from our woods, the jack-snipe from our wet meadows in the spring, and woodcock have vanished from our swamps, but the fox still holds his own. Uncharitable fox-haters would say that he is responsible for the disappearance of the game, but patient investigations have pretty well cleared him of such aspersions. Another species, that walks on two legs and carries shot-guns is responsible. The fox's position of supremacy, in the hierarchy of surviving species, however, is now threatened by the white-tailed deer, which seem to be undergoing a grand renaissance. Huntsmen look askance at them for their legs are too long and their pace too good, so that they carry hounds quite out of bounds, and out-distance the most inveterate hard-riders. Deer present a very high ideal indeed for those who delight in a gallop across country, but the time may come when "deer-hunter" will be substituted for "fox-hunter" as a term of designation, through it has not come yet. All honor then to the fox, a kind of high priest among the wild things, keeping lit the lights of wildness, before nature's shrine.

There is an old saying to the effect that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones, a rather far-fetched statement whose metaphorical significance is obvious enough. If taken literally, it is not very useful advice because few people do live in glass houses, through whose walls the outside world can be seen. Most of us live in houses walled in by wood, stone brick or other material quite impervious to light, so that it is only through the windows, that we can have visions of that outside world, so full of mystery and beauty. This simple observation, unlike the glass-house adage may be taken in its literal truth, and also may be regarded as a metaphor, for the opaque

walls which close us in, are analogous to the customs, laws and habitual modes of living, imposed upon us by modern civilization, by reason of whose monotonous rigidity, we are shut off from contact with the world of nature. This is a great loss which most of us bewail and try to minimize as well as we can. Some catch glimpses of nature by means of poetry, music, or pictorial arts, but there are many whose windows are so darkened, that the light from such sources does not shine through them. Unless they can open the windows of their souls by means of field sports or water sports, they fail to maintain any kind of intimate relation with nature. A yachtsman learns something of what "the wild waves are saying" even though he may be a dull brute of a man. He may be tempered somewhat in his brutishness, by the voice of the wind and sea. At all events it is my faith that the sights and sounds which greet him as he stands at the wheel of his boat, were made to be seen and heard, and his eyes and ears were made to see and hear them.

So, inasmuch as we do not live in glass houses, it is well for us whenever we can, to pierce the opaqueness of such enclosures as surround us, and have a look around. There is so much to be seen which quite escapes us, when we only pass from home to office and back again. Emerson, in his essay on Nature, said that most people are shy about admiring the beauties of nature unless they have some excuse to take them afield, such as to look at the crops, or to go shooting or fishing. It is evident that he never rode to hounds, or he would have mentioned that as the best excuse of all. In connection with his comment, it may be said that the advantage or it might be called pleasure to be derived from contact with the countryside, is not at all confined to those who consciously go into raptures over the beauty of what they see. There is a subtle sympathy between many of us and the landscape, which never finds vocal or literary expression, any more than the affection between two good friends ever forces them to be telling each other about it. Also much mawkish sentimentality masquerades under the guise of nature worship, and there are other qualities than beauty to be observed. One of these other qualities may best be designated by the words "wild" and "wildness". The dictionary takes six inches of a column to give the many meanings of "wild", and then does not tell much about it. When used in connection with nature, while the meaning crystallizes somewhat, it is still very vague, for all nature is not wild in the limited sense which I have in mind. The little mouse which finds his way in winter into my house, is not very wild nor the chickadees which eat crumbs on my window-sill, yet these belong to nature, and the same may be said of the violets which bloom in the woods in May. There has to be a suggestion of fierceness, also of fire and diamond-like gleamings, and a halo of mystery. Blake knew the meaning of wildness a hundred and

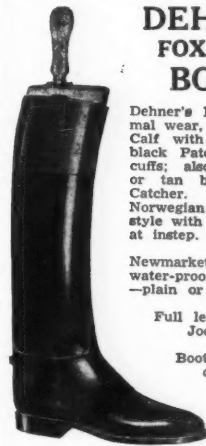
fifty years ago, when he wrote "Tiger! Tiger! burning bright In the forests of the night"

Once as I was riding homeward late in the afternoon, I happened to see a fox cantering slowly up a pastured hillside, not so far away. When half up the hill, he stopped and sat on his haunches, with his nose pointing back over his shoulder, and his ears cocked as if listening. I listened too, and heard the distant cry of hounds. The fox's attention was evidently concentrated on that weird, wild cry, with its unmistakable meaning for him. I watched him until the stirring of my horse caught his notice, and he slipped away over the hill-top. There was wildness personified, a vivid wildness, like that of a deer dashing down the mountain-side, with white tail uplifted.

For us very tame human beings really to commune with the wildness of nature, it is not enough for us merely to look at it. We must generate a little of it in ourselves, and that is what we do in a fast scrimmage across country, with hounds out in front, their wild cry bidding us to come on, ever faster and faster. In those exciting minutes, we are no longer tame human beings, looking out of the windows of houses, but hark back to the olden times when we too partook of wildness. Masters and Field Masters, long suffering from the wildness of your Fields, please be patient when you and your hounds are overridden by the Field, for you must understand that the latter are in a state of spiritual exaltation from communion with wild nature! Ha! Ha! Antaeus was a legendary giant who was said to lose his strength whenever he lost contact with the earth, and Hercules was

Continued on Page Six

### DEHNER'S FOX HUNT BOOTS



Dehner's Boots for formal wear, French waxed calf with tan cuffs or black Patent leather cuffs; also plain black or tan boots for Rat Catcher.

Norwegian Veal Field style with blucher lacing at instep.

Newmarket style with water-proof Canvas tops—plain or laced insteps.

Full leather lined Jodhpurs.

Boots for every occasion.

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The DEHNER "LAST"

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## FLASH!

Our horses are at Camden, South Carolina, stabled on the Polo Field. They will be shown by a lady at the Camden Horse Show on February 21.

This is the best group of horses we have had in years.

### RANDLE RIDGE FARM

WARRENTON

VIRGINIA

## Potomac Hunt

Rockville, Maryland  
Organized 1910  
Recognized 1931

Master: (1947) Dr. James N. Greear.  
Hounds: American and Cross-bred.  
Hunting: Fox.  
Colors: Scarlet, blue collar, buff piping.

Weather vs. Hunting, say Potomac followers as they gazed fidgety at their January fixture. Three times that month were hounds able to go.

The New Year's Day meet was cancelled because of rain. This was particularly disappointing to many who had stayed close to the fire side while Father Time blew his Gone Away. They denied themselves a big night in order to be alert and fit for the scheduled hunt.

Saturday, January 3. Due to the recent rain and sleet, footing was extremely soft, clouds heavy with no prospect of clearing. The atmosphere had a chill that seemed to penetrate from fingers to toes. It would have never been judged a good day with hounds. The old adage of "starting the New Year right" must have given all an urge. A Field of 38 braved the elements and met at High-Ho farm, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Jeffress. A stirrup cup offered by our host and hostess, assisted by daughter Jane, added an inside warmth to their welcome.

Our Master, Doctor James N. Greear, Jr., appointed Mr. Jeffress Field Master, with instructions to members and staff to stay off of the fields, hunt the woods and stay in the roads. Following instructions, the nearest woods were the gas-line woods. Hounds moved down River Road, drawing in at Green-Bank road and the bridge, working eastward to Col. Harry Semmes. Hounds feathered well and they seemed to feel that they just had to find a New Year's fox. Across the creek and over the gas line they scattered, but no luck. I noticed how carefully Rattler, Ruby, Jolity, Rowdy and Melody hunted a big ravine and then worked their way along the sunny side of a hill, still no scent. Around by the saw mill, Music and Melody jumped up on the lumber piles in hopes of a tell-tale whiff. Reds, a playful puppy, stopped to roll in the saw dust, to be looked upon with disgust by Farmer and Bugle-Annie as they passed with noses close and sterns well up. Douglass, our huntsman was determined and anxious as he rode along urging his hounds. I thought I had never heard his voice carry as well. If there was a fox in covert I knew we would get him going. Although we had been sheltered from the wind, the Field had that pinkish, frosty look, and would gladly welcome a good, lively gallop. Mrs. Richard H. (Tiny) Hawkins, Jr., out on her grand going Yard Stick, had added color to her usual hunting trimness, a pair of bright green ear muffs, very cozy looking and becoming. I also noticed she had wrapped her stirrups with sheep skin, the smooth side out, an excellent idea. Claude Owens had for the second time out, his newly purchased, grey 3-year-old Sky's Shadow under the able guidance of Mrs. Elsie Blays. Mrs. Robbin Duvall, who has been hunting Dr. Greear's 4-year-old Star Light has her performing like an old timer. She has done wonders with a real green one in a short time.

Hounds were now working back of Doctor Horgan's and crossing the gas-line into the creek bottom. Rattler opened, Jolity and then the pack. They had found in the woods beside Justice Keech's meadow, crossing through the meadow into his blue grass pasture fields. Were we to follow the pack across the fields, or were we to obey orders? Fortunately,

the Justice was out, and seeing the staff and Master hesitate, he rode forward giving them the go sign. The Master passing word back to stay in the path and road. Hounds had a difficult time taking the line across the fields and it was interesting to watch first one and then the other pick up the trail, but it was not fast going until they reached the Big Pines on the opposite side of the Glen-Travilah road near Baileywick. Very apparent, scent was much stronger in the woods. Not until the Field reached the woods did they have a chance to gallop and warm up.

Hounds made a large circle in the Pines running northwest. It was noticed that the pack had split, not evenly however—three hounds could be heard quite far ahead near Hunting Hill. We were being taken around in circles by the large pack. Douglass realizing that this pack had picked up a grey and that the slow trailing and short bursts would go on and on, getting no place, he blew off his hounds and drew deeper into the woods, where going was more open. This is a large tract and for the following hour hounds were hunting to find their number three fox. Coming out of these woods on Mr. Bean's property at Piney-Meeting-House Road we turned towards home. Looking at my watch I noticed it was then four-thirty, and getting colder all the time.

Passing England's corner, Douglass cast his hounds in the woods on the opposite side of the road. He was urging them as eagerly as though we had just started. The three hounds that had carried the first fox away were now back with the pack. As much as I love to hunt, my gum boots had my feet feeling like ice cakes, and I was willing to hear the Master say, "enough for today". The Field had dwindled to five, but the Master showed no signs of stopping. Instead he was staying closer to Douglass than ever. Hounds were now working the far side of Banfield's and Beall's woods. It happened! no respect for cold feet and hounds. Hounds had struck an unwarmed fox and all were away in a flash, including the die-hard riders. The Master, Mr. Jeffress, Jane, his daughter, who had been staying close to Dad all afternoon, Alden Crane, Miss Hathon, and Miss Carol Taylor. Carol had started home, but hearing hounds she joined us again.

Hounds crossed Dr. Sanderson's fields as horses and riders raced at full speed down the lane to the County Road. Reaching there they could see the pack circling in Cavanaugh's and then heading straight for Betterker's woods. The Field galloped the road to Taylor's entrance, turning in by the barns and into the meadow leading to Betterker's woods. The Field galloped the road to Taylor's entrance, turning in by the barns and into the meadow leading to Betterker's woods. Approaching the woods, there was a big chicken-coop with rider, with an up-hill take-off. I had been over it the week before lowering the rider, even then it was stiff. Horses were heated and keen as the pace had been fast enough for them to level. Douglass, taking the lead never hesitated and every horse followed, without as much as even a tick. While galloping through the woods, hounds could be heard going into Clagett's. We do not know if they made a circle in Clagett's meadow or not, but by the time the Field arrived they had put the fox to earth. Melody, doing the digging while Rattler took over the front. Douglass, jumped down from his horse and joined in the excitement with his hounds, pulling and

pushing first one and the other in and out of the den. For the third time, Carol Taylor extended her thanks to the Master and left for home.

While Douglass encouraged his hounds, the Master heard Bugle-Annie tonguing over the hill. Realizing it was almost dark he called to Douglass to pick up hounds and start for the kennels. He further knew when Bugle-Annie opened it was another fox and the pack would honor her if they heard. Old Farmer, pricked up his ears and was away followed by a few others. Douglass, also had heard and realizing another race was about to start he made his "old cow horn" vibrate, started jogging, making all the noise possible. Going back through Betterker's woods hounds made a sudden brake, up through the woods screaming tongues, yelps and hound music of all kinds. They were running and falling all over each other. The entire procedure was confusing, startling and bewildering, especially in twilight shadows, until hounds were seen grabbing at a fox. They had jumped, rolled and killed in less than five minutes, atomic action. One of our keenest junior's, Miss Jane Jeffress earned the brush. Carol, hearing, hounds, again returned in time for the fun. Each return was better. This is Carol's first year in the hunting field, having ridden very little and never jumped until this past summer. Her horse was unschooled and at the opening meet they fled up at the first fence. Often I have heard Old Timers say fox hunters are born not made and I am sure here is a little one born for hunting. After the opening hunt she made up her mind she was going to follow hounds, and she does. Today she is one of our hardest riders, and I have never seen a horse learn as fast. The combination has earned the greatest admiration.

It was a happy huntsman who roared his pack towards the kennels. Some one said, "Four fox have your hounds run today—no scarcity, when you hunt a pack that will find." Douglass, smilingly agreed, but he added another hunted fox, making five. He was counting the fox Bugle-Annie and Old Farmer had going when he moved away from the den.

## Fox Hunting

Continued From Page Five

enabled to accomplish his undoing through knowledge of this fact. He lifted the giant off the earth and his adversary was helpless in his arms. We are far from being giants, but just the same we lose vitality, unless we renew contact with wilderness, and that is really the reason we go fox-hunting!

On second thought, the story of Antaeus is very inappropriate to mention to fox-hunters, because the last thing they want to do is to come in contact with the earth, much preferring to remain in the saddle. It is hard to use metaphors without being carried where you do not want to go, as with unruly horses.

So this is my labored apology for fox-hunting, and it is addressed not to any of the participants in the sport, whether, foxes, hounds, horses or riders, not even to Masters who suffer so cruelly from the wilderness of their Fields, but to the great majority of people who take no interest in the game, and are bored to death by the endless talk of those who do, and by the endless photographs forever appearing, of well-dressed groups posing for cameras and horses jumping fences. There is more in the sport than these superficial signs would lead you to suppose.

For fox hunters this was certainly the way to start the New Year. The only regret many will have is that they did not stay to enjoy. Remember, the old saying, "faint heart", etc. May this be a lesson to us all.

—A. C. B.



## COQ D'ESPRIT

G. H. 1934

by \*Coq Gaulois—Dulcy, by \*Light Brigade

COQ D'ESPRIT stands 16.3½ hands, measures 79 inches around girth and has 9½ inch bone. An excellent jumper himself, he has sired many top hunters and jumpers including Clifton's Duke and Clifton's Champ.

Clifton's Duke won the John Rush Street Memorial in 1946 and was 2nd in 1947. He won the 1947 Grand National Point-to-Point, and he was up with Winton until he lost his rider at the 19th jump at the Maryland Hunt Cup. Clifton's Champ won the Grand Championship as a 2-year-old at the 1945 Maryland Hunter Show. As a 3-year-old he won the Reserve Green Hunter Championship at the 1946 National Capital Show. He was a consistent winner in 1947.

Fee \$125

## SPANISH GHOST

G. H. 1942

by \*Belfonds—Queen of Spain, by \*Spanish Prince II (Remount Sire)

His first crop are 2-year-olds. One of his sucklings in 1947 won the Grand Championship of the Thoroughbred class at Timonium and reserve Grand Championship at the Maryland Horse Show as well as many other blues.

Fee \$20

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## Hunting With The Green Spring Valley

**English and American Cross-Breds Developed By Years of Hunting In Maryland Provide Good Sport In Worthington Valley**

Maryland is perhaps the outstanding example of what can be done with the cross-bred hound. The state's largest hunting establishments, the Green Spring and Elkridge-Harford both make use of the English and American cross. So too do the Carrollton, Potomac and Marlborough, Howard County and Mr. Hubbard's Kent County alone having American Hounds. The pictures here showing Green Spring Valley under winter conditions illustrate the English bone and substance that have been bred by Maryland foxhunters into the traditional American hound whose nose and cry are supposed to better suit the dry American climate than their English confreres. Green Spring Valley which was developed by the late Redmond Stewart into one of the best of Maryland's hunting countries has in the Master-ship John K. Shaw, Jr. well known Maryland horseman. His honorary whip is Stuart Janney, Jr. A professional huntsman, Leslie Grimes hunts the 28 couples with kennels in the Worthington Valley aided by Professional Whipper-in Raymond Leaf. (Cardell Photos)



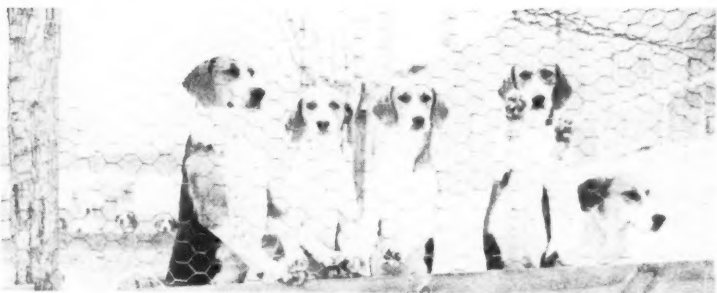
Huntsman Grimes draws his hounds from kennels for a meet in the snow.



Down the road to meet the Field. Secretary Fyfe Symington whips in to the huntsman.



Messrs. Janney, acting M. F. H. and Symington work out the first draw.

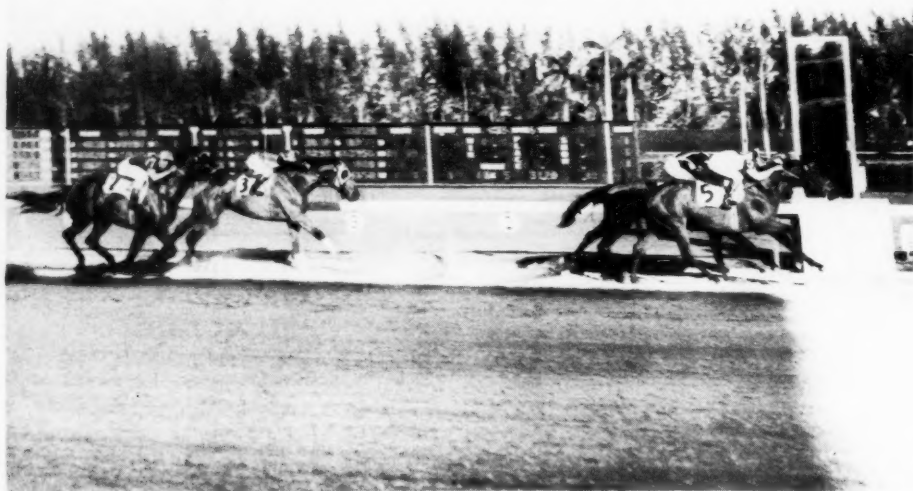


Too bad for those left at home.



A good day with hounds all accounted for as pack and huntsman return to kennels.

# Stake Days At Hialeah Park and Santa Anita



Circle M Farm's Cosmic Missile was 2nd last year in the Columbiana 'Cap. On the 7th, with Jockey T. Atkinson up, she flashed across the finish line ahead of Glen Middle Farms' Ellendale. Hialeah Park Photos.



The lone 3-year-old in Hialeah Park's 3rd running of the Seminole 'Cap on February 11 was Calumet's home-bred son of Bull Lea-Hydroplane 11, by Hyperion. Clocked in 1.23, this was a fifth of a second faster than the time hung up by Circle M Farm's Relic in the Bahamas 'Cap. In chalking up the Seminole over Woolford Farm's Delegate and stablemate Armed in that order, Citation made his two 1948 outings successful. Jockey A. Snider also had quite a day of it, what with riding the winners in the 3rd, 4th and 5th races before mounting Citation for the Seminole. Hialeah Park Photo.



R. N. Ryan's 6-year-old gray horse, \*Talon, and Jockey A. Arcaro lowered the barometer of horses for the Santa Anita 'Cap in topping the San Antonio Stakes field on the 14th. Santa Anita Photos.





## BREEDING

AND

## Racing

A SECTION  
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS  
OF THE TURF

## Letter From Florida

Half Way Mark In Hialeah Meeting  
Brings To Light Some Conclusions On  
Racing Outlook and Form of Top Stars

Tom Shehan

As the Hialeah meeting reached the halfway mark there were a few conclusions that could be made from the racing programs already witnessed.

1)—The turf writers are choosing up sides in the rivalry between Citation and Relic.

2)—The Calumet Board of Strategy, consisting of Warren Wright, Ben Jones, Jimmy Jones and Jockey Doug Dodson, are genuinely worried that Armed may not be at top form for his expected meeting with Assault in the \$50,000 Widener here on Feb. 21st.

3)—That judging from the attendance and play so far the mutual handle will be about 20 percent off.

Of course, there were other conclusions, but the above were the important ones. For instance, there were a few conclusions to be reached about the Florida-breds after the first running of the \$5,000 Florida Breeders Stakes, which was won by Mrs. Tillyou Christopher's Rablim here on Friday, Feb. 6th, but they can wait.

As to the splitting of the turf writers into two camps, no real answer will be provided on the question of whether Citation or Relic is the better horse until later in the year, but the running of the \$50,000 Flamingo here on Feb. 21st will provide the first test.

Both Citation and Relic have done everything asked of them thus far, but Citation has been asked more than Relic. As early as last Fall, at which time he won the Pimlico Futurity, Citation made it evident that he could go a distance of ground, at least the distances asked of 2-year-olds.

Relic, on the other hand, has not been asked that question as of this writing. His two stakes victories at Hialeah, the Hibiscus and the Bahamas, were at the sprint distances of

six and seven furlongs respectively.

Ted Atkinson, who rode the Circle M. colt in both those events, said after the Bahamas, "There could have been a new track record for seven furlongs, just as well as not. I think he can go on, but you never know about those things until your horse is put to the test."

Making his 1948 debut here in something called The Groundhog Purse, which name was at least descriptive of his manner of going, Citation won over his field quite easily, said field including his famous stable mate, Armed.

It was the first time I had seen Citation in action. He is a beautiful animal, a bright bay with black points. A well set-up horse with a bright intelligent look about his head, Citation strides smoothly and races kindly.

As for Armed his performance in The Groundhog and in the McLennan in which he finished 3rd to El Mono caused a buzz in racing circles. Nor could Trainer Jimmy Jones provide the answer to his showing. Much importance was attached to the fact that Armed hasn't done so well when he didn't appear on the track for several mornings after the Groundhog, but clockers ridicule the rumors about the Calumet Ace.

"That doesn't mean a thing," said one. "That's the way the Joneses train. One time up in Chicago Armed wasn't on the track for a week and just when everybody was getting all excited about it, they blew him out three eighths of a mile and sent him to the races. He won, too!"

Mortimer M. Mahoney, who has been manager of the mutual department at Hialeah since the track was taken over by the late Joseph E. Widener in 1931, is authority for the estimate that the play will be

•Continued on Page Eleven

## Letter From New York

French Thoroughbreds Being Imported  
To This Country From France For  
Steeplechasing Will Try Out At Belmont

Bob Kelley

An interesting development during 1948, it seems at present, will be the trial here at Belmont of three or four of the better class of steeplechase horses imported from France. It is still too soon to talk of their breeding or their records, but there will be, it appears at present, at least four of them in action during the coming season over here.

One of them is, at the moment, on the water on his way to this country, where John Schiff is to turn him over to Oleg Dubassoff, thus calling attention once again to a quietly enthusiastic horseman who has, for a good many years, done a good deal to improve the sport through the field and has raced horses at the major tracks on a modest scale and with his characteristic lack of ostentation, John Schiff.

It is said that this one has won a couple of pretty good races and though not on the handsome side, is a very useful field horse. The others, perhaps three in number, will probably be flown to this country in time for the racing. Assisting in this has been Alan du Briehl, a young Frenchman now making his home in this country and who rode and trained and, I think, bred steeplechasers in his native land. An American owner is to have a share in this project.

Chief interest in this latest manifestation of the narrowing of the borders of the racing world lies in the fact that the French have for so long paid a good deal of attention to jumpers on their major courses and it will be very interesting to see what these imports do against our own.

The decision to fly these horses over has been made after due consideration and chiefly in order to have them ready for racing soon after they get here. Mr. du Briehl

says that he is not convinced that flying hurts the visiting horse when he gets to this country. It is his opinion that the radically different conditions of racing, particularly underfoot, that flat runners encounter in the United States has more to do with it than that. This, he feels, will be at a minimum with jumpers, for they will be moving over almost the same sort of courses that they have at home.

Another opinion of the Frenchman is interesting. In contrast to the ignorant who have not seen jumping races in France and who feel they move over flimsy sort of hurdles, du Briehl thinks that French steeplechase jumps are a bit stiffer than those in use over here.

Francis Patrick Dunne, racing commission steward, has gone to Florida for his annual stint at Tropical Park, but will return before the end of racing there to be on hand for New York's early April opening. The tremendous growth of the television industry in recent months has resulted in considerable interest in doing the races in New York. Plans are being discussed which may provide races for the screens on every day of the coming season. . . . Despite the worst winter weather in modern New York history, considerable legal work has been done about the backstretch at the various tracks, though no major changes or additions are yet permitted in the main stands by the government. . . . Lou Walger, head of New York's Pari-Mutuel departments, is another Florida track visitor, having previously visited Santa Anita in search of ideas. . . . Belmont is issuing a handsome, privately printed book of photographs which provides a complete panorama of around-the-clock activities at that famous racing center.

## TEN LEADING AMERICAN STAKES WINNERS

(Through February 14)

10 LEADING SIRES  
OF STAKES WINNERS

	Races Won	1st Monies Won
HASH (Flashco)	1	\$83,500
ZACAWESTA (Autocrat, Buzfuz)	2	50,700
PANTALON (*Talon)	1	47,300
SALERNO (*Oihaverry)	1	45,000
REAPING REWARD (May Reward)	1	41,500
MILKMAN (Mrs. Rabbit)	1	41,000
PILATE (Miss Doreen)	1	38,400
*ALIBHAI (On Trust)	1	31,500
HEAD PLAY (El Mono)	1	22,100
TRACE CALL (Rampart)	1	20,050

10 LEADING BREEDERS  
OF STAKES WINNERS

	Races Won
H. M. Woolfe	2
W. L. Jones, Jr.	1
S. C. Magnin (Argen.)	1
C. Silva (Chile)	1
P. T. Chinn	1
B. M. Browning	1
W. L. Brann	1
Audley Farm	1
L. B. Mayer	1
A. J. Sackett	1

10 LEADING OWNERS  
OF STAKES WINNERS

	Races Won
Circle M. Farm	3
Woolford Farm	2
F. Frankel	1
R. N. Ryan	1
Pan du Azucar Stables	1
Baroni & Battilani	1
N. W. Church	1
L. Rowan	1
C. S. Howard	1
D. Lamont	1

10 LEADING TRAINERS  
OF STAKES WINNERS

	Races Won
B. B. Williams	3
R. O. Higdon	2
G. Reeves	1
H. A. Luro	1
A. E. Silver	1
A. A. Baroni	1
E. L. Fitzgerald	1
R. R. Hull	1
H. Philpot	1
W. Molter	1

# Breeders' Notes

A. A. Baldwin

## NEW YORK RACING

Beginning at Jamaica on April 1st, New York society and a few other less fashionable owners will be racing their horses of distinction for the 1948 season lasting 196 days. This is eight more than last year. There will be 115 flat and steeplechase stakes as against 111 in 1947. The total purses of these stakes has been increased by \$70,000 in spite of the very good possibility of a falling off of attendance. Jamaica race track will again be the site of the last race for New Yorkers to patronize. This on November 15th, the meeting then being run by Jimmy Butler's Empire City Racing Association.

## HANDICAPPERS

It won't be surprising if more than ordinary interest is not centered in the Handicap division this year, what with the potential sires, Assault, Stymie and Phalanx contending for records against each other which will help publicize them when retired to stud duty. The gelding, Armed, will be there or thereabouts to deflate any pretensions to top honors the three horses may have. All in all it looks like an exciting year for owners, trainers and friends of these weight carrying heroes of the "Cup" division.

## 93 FOR THE BELMONT

Of the 93 nominations for America's oldest classic, the Belmont Stakes, 89 are colts. As no geldings are eligible, the remainder are of course fillies. This year, with four weeks instead of three between the 1-4 mile Preakness and the 1-2 miles of the Belmont for trainers to change their charges from middle distance runners to stayers, the chances are the final race will be more truly run on merit than in some other years, not that the winner, Phalanx, wasn't the best of the 3-year-olds last year. To get a horse to run in top form at a mile and a quarter is perhaps the most difficult task trainers are faced with requiring a combination of ability to sprint and stay.

## NATIONAL TOP WEIGHT

The weight conditions for each entry for the Grand National at Aintree allow for a spread from 140 to 175 lbs. No horse this year will carry the top weight but there are three at 170 lbs.—the Frenchmen, Gasma and Astolphe and James V. Rank's Prince Regent who it seems is a couple of years past his zenith. The latter made a gallant try last year with 175 lbs., two more than he carried in 1946. The '47 winner, Caughoo, picks up 15 lbs. to 155. Other horses who have shown enough to handicapper, D. G. Sheppard, to be given high weights are: Silver Fame, 4 years younger than Prince Regent but twice beaten by him at Aintree, with 160 lbs.; Dorothy Paget's Klaxton, who fell last year, has been assigned 162, up 8 despite that misfortune; Paul Mellon's \*Caddie II who gets 163; Rowland Roy, winner of the Scottish Grand National and whose early odds were 20 to 1 before being given 162 lbs., up 19 from last year; Lough Conn, who was 2nd to Caughoo by 20 lengths, gets 145 as against 141 in 1947; the Irish Grand National winner, Revelry at 160, up 8; Lovely Cottage, the 1946 winner who did not run last year, is asked to tote 158 lbs., an increase of 10 from '46; and Housewarmer, who has never fallen at Aintree, at 144, up just a pound from '47. A horse with unusually diverse abilities is the entry, Cottage Rake, who may be ridden by the very able Irishman, Aubrey

Brabazon. Cottage Rake, winner of the Irish Cesarewitch, sometimes runs on the flat then switches over to jumps. In the space of a month in 1946, he won a flat stakes and a steeplechase stake. He is one of many by the leading sire of jumpers, Cottage.

## AS GOOD AS HE EATS

There is a lot of sense in the old adage that a horse is only as good as what he eats, regardless of pedigree. In many cases of the past few years, the increases in numbers of foals has been faster than the expansion of acreage for pasturage. The leading Italian breeder, Senoi Tesio, was one of the first to make a practice of a change in climate and soil conditions for his horses and claims that this is one of the main reasons for his continued successes. In our country, Abram Hewitt, as knowledgeable and practical a breeder as there is, is experimenting with this idea with farms in Virginia and Kentucky. The theory behind this comes pretty much from a study of the movements of wildlife during a twelve month or more period. Breeders should keep in mind that, more often than not, a change to a perhaps worse looking pasture is of greater benefit to the animal than continuous grazing on the same land month in and month out. A good example of this conception may be found in the records of stallions standing at one farm and the quality of foals bred from "home mares". With the exception of War Admiral, Man o'War's best crops were his first ones. \*Sir Gallahad III's best horses came from the first year or two he was at stud. Some of the best race horses stallions got at an advanced age were from outside mares as in the case of Radium, who was by Bend Or, and Orby, the second best son of Orme. It is a general procedure for owners of broodmares to rest pastures from time to time in order to sweeten the ground and get rid of parasites. It seems they might do still better to arrange agreements with breeders of another farm for an interchange of locality of their mares. We wouldn't know but we suspect so.

## MR. ZIMMERMAN'S GINO BEAU

George L. Zimmerman of Waynesburg in southwestern Pennsylvania has recently purchased the nice looking, young, gray sire, Gino Beau, by \*Gino out of Beautiful Lady by Sun Beau, who made his first stud season in 1947. This horse has proved very sure with his mares (a most important consideration), is a handsome, strong type, and was a winner of 10 races—a combination of qualities that should make him well patronized by hunter and race horse breeders.

## EL MONO'S TENTH

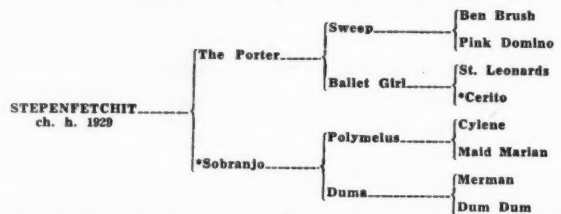
The most surprising thing about El Mono's victory in the 1-8 mi. \$25,000 McLennan was that he won. He had run nine times in the past 84 days and in his four 1948 starts had been stopping towards the finish line in races from 3-4s to 1-8th, the latter an allowance affair for non-winners of two races of \$3,000 in 1947-48. The winning purse will just about double his earnings for two completed turf years. In this race, Circle M. Farm's Riskolater was 2nd by a head followed by Armed. The fickleness of Lady-Luck as she flits from stable to stable is what keeps a ray of sunshine on hand during the stormiest weather. Ask the boys of Calumet.

Continued On Page Fifteen

# Llangollen Sires

## Standing for the 1948 Season

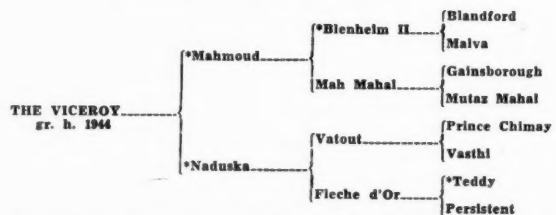
## STEPENFETCHIT



STEPENFETCHIT won the Latonia Derby, Dixie Handicap, also 2nd in Arlington Park Classic, Chesapeake, Belmont Park Juvenile, Pimlico Nursery, Garfield Stakes, Huron Handicap, 3rd in Kentucky Derby (field of 20), etc. He has sired the stakes winner Bullet Proof (The Delaware Park Maiden & Colt Race, Atlantic City Allowance Race, Laurel Spring Purse at 2; Lynwood Purse, beating Faultless, Chesapeake Stakes in record time on muddy track, at 3). Among his other winners are Dicty Step, Pat o'See, Royal Step, Hefetchit, Character Man, Great Step and many others.

Fee \$300

## THE VICEROY



THE VICEROY entered stud for the first time in 1948. He was sold at the Keeneland Sales in 1945 for \$35,000. Due to a series of accidents he never started, but he always showed signs of great speed. Through his sire \*Mahmoud, THE VICEROY represents the most successful bloodlines racing today. \*Naduska placed 3 times from 4 starts at 2, including Arlington Stakes. At 3 and 4 she won Park Hill Stakes (1 1/4 miles, top weight 122 lbs., 2nd best distance race for fillies in England), Newbury Autumn Handicap (1 1/4 miles) and Londonderry Plate (1 1/2 miles); 2nd Queen of Scots Handicap (2 miles), 3rd Liverpool St. Leger (1 1/4 miles), Prince Edward Handicap (2 1/4 miles).

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## BONNE NUIT

Bonne Nuit, grey horse, 1934, by \*Royal Canopy—\*Bonne Cause, by Bonfire.

The famous jumping strain of \*Royal Canopy is perpetuated through BONNE NUIT. He has sired some outstanding jumpers among which are Tanahmerah, Yankee Doodle and Carry Me Back, which as a 3-year-old jumped 5' at the Berryville Horse Show in 1947.

Fee \$150

## NIGHT LARK

Night Lark, grey horse, 1939, by Bonne Nuit—Poulette, by \*Coq Gaulois.

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## A Visit To Belair

**Famous Stud Farm and Yearling Nursery  
Bursting With Activity As Mr. Woodward  
And His Staff Prepare Youngsters For Careers**

Colonel John F. Wall

In mid-January this writer accepted an invitation to visit Belair Stud in Maryland. This estate comprising some 2,500 acres is in Prince George's County, at a distance of some four miles from the little town of Bowie, and at about the same distance from the race track of the same name. If travelling by automobile from Washington, one would take the Defense Highway leading to Annapolis, and after proceeding some 18 miles can easily identify his approach to Belair by the presence of the tall sapling picket fence running along the South side of the highway, the center of which marks the entrance to the Manor House.

On entering the property, one proceeds for an eighth of a mile along a dirt road through a natural wood before emerging into a stately avenue, lined with century-old poplars, pointing the way to the handsome home. There are no man-painted signs to mar the beauty of the woods or to obstruct the wonderful vista as it unfolds itself. Since there are no forbidding notices, as one enters Belair, he feels a sense of cordiality. The driver sent to the station to meet you radiates friendliness and pride in noting your appreciation of the beauty of the place. This colored man, Charley, was born here 40 years ago. Like himself, his four brothers have never been employed elsewhere.

Mr. William Woodward was on the piazza as we drove up. He had already given instructions to a group of men employed in replacing some of the ancient trees along the drive-way. Mr. Woodward is an old acquaintance. On former occasions, when seen at Saratoga, at the various sales or race meets, he was cordial and friendly—always busy and direct. Here at Belair, he had the same directness and the same friendliness was apparent. But he was here for relaxation and enjoyment. He is a genial and charming host.

Breakfast was ready, and after the meal which was a hearty one, Mr. Woodward was interested in reading the Daily Racing Form, a copy of which was taken along by the writer, and, which contained an account of a race won by one of the Woodward horses at Hialeah the day before.

This race led to a general discussion of the routine of racing as devised by Mr. Woodward and so ably executed by his lieutenant, "Sunny" Jim Fitzsimmons. Mr. "Fitz" goes to Florida around Christmas-time and remains until early February. This is his vacation period. Usually, there are a few horses considered suitable for racing in this short period, and, if so, they are raced. But the serious responsibility for this versatile trainer is on Long Island. Mid-February will find Mr. Fitzsimmons back at Aqueduct where the horses there have been carrying out a preparatory schedule under the watchful eye of George Tappan, long-time associate of Mr. Fitzsimmons. In common with some other leading trainers, Mr. Fitzsimmons does not race the year-around.

Yearlings arrive at Aqueduct in the Fall. They have been broken, let down for a period, and by this time, have been picked up again as 2-year-olds and are receiving daily work. Older horses have been at work for weeks preparatory to more strenuous work outside, when weather permits. But if weather is bad, work still progresses under the shed. When April 1st arrives, the chances are that Belair's 3-year-olds, and above, are ready for some of the very first races. A little later, the 2-year-olds will give a satisfactory account of themselves. Indeed, it is remarkable that this Wizard of Belair is able to remain on Long Island all winter and have the horses in his charge capable of successful competition in those early contests. One can recall the campaigns of Gallant Fox, of his sons, Omaha, and Granville and remem-

ber that they followed a similar routine.

Another question that one is bound to ask himself on visiting Belair is, how is it that so many good horses are credited Belair when there is small evidence of mineral and grass that we are told is so vitally necessary in raising good horses! In part the answer is that the animal is foaled in Kentucky in a section supposedly having an abundance of the proper grass and mineral in its soil; that matrons remain in Kentucky; the foal leaving Kentucky after being weaned. So, it may be that during the important formative period, during which time the foetus develops—and for six months after foaling, the young animal has obtained what he needs in the way of minerals. But after weaning—and for about a year, the young animal is at Belair in Maryland. What about this period in the young animal's life?

A change of environment may be helpful. There are good, large paddocks (not too large); the soil due to space and lack of crowding, has had little cause to become sick, or polluted; the water supply is abundant; the terrain is varied; special feed may be used—and the care is intelligent and those in charge are extremely concerned in the welfare of the horses. These factors may contain the answer to the good quality of horses from Belair.

The young animals seen—brand new yearlings—were an exceptionally clean lot. They were not large; and, in fact, some of them were on the small side. Distinctly, none were fat. They had no meat on the bones of their legs. The condition was uniform, paunches being absent.

These yearlings were alert, kind. They are intelligent, unafraid and actually vain! Of course, the sort of personnel in charge had much to do with condition. On inspecting one group, I would find myself enthusiastic in my estimation of several, only to find on coming to the next group, that there were others just as good. On completion, the only conclusion possible was that any one of a half dozen should top a sale.

Acres are numerous at Belair. Buildings are ample. The largest of yearlings in a single group was eight. Some groups numbered just four yearlings. So far, fillies and colts run together. Mr. Woodward appears to want to give each of several select men a few animals to care for and so insure a friendly rivalry. But whatever his reason, it is a workable plan.

There is air, light and ventilation in the Belair stables. Drainage is not a problem, since the terrain is usually gently rolling, on sandy loam with an apparent gravel subsoil. One of the stables occupies the site of the old stable that was the great Selima's home. A placard marks the place.

Not all paddocks are on level ground, and one or more contain ground with abrupt slopes. Those larger paddocks with elbows and sharp changes in elevation, are perhaps assigned yearlings intended for racing in England. But paddocks are used at Belair. The young horse likes being outside. When led from his stall and turned loose, he is wont to unwind for a turn or so; then, he waits for his buddy—and in turn they may wait for the entire group before they move away in a race apparently talked over inside. Away they go, perhaps once around. They pull up. Examine the neighborhood across the fence. One may appear to count noses—and they are off again!

As one sees this group of yearlings with Mr. Woodward, he is conscious of being in the presence of a Master-Breeder. His memory is marvelous. Pedigrees are not just names on paper to him. He knows the g. g. dam; he may have owned her. Besides, Mr. Woodward is a good judge of individuals—and,

## Letter From Florida

Continued From Page Nine

off about 20 percent when the Hialeah meeting is over. Other track operators gathered here for the meeting of the board of directors of the Thoroughbred Racing Association were predicting that play will be off 10 percent in non-tourist areas.

The Circle M. Farm's Cosmic Missile, a little filly who was outlucked in enough photo finishes to cost her owners about \$86,000 during the 1947 campaign, started 1948 by getting a neck verdict in the photo which decided the \$10,000 added Columbiana Handicap, named for the only filly to ever win the \$50,000 Widener. Her main objective is the \$20,000 Black Helen Handicap named for Col. E. R. Bradley's Florida Derby winner, here on closing day, March 2nd.

I rather like the idea racing associations have of naming races for horses because it not only perpetuates the memory of the horses, but it also adds a touch of romance to the turf by awakening memories of thrilling races. It's relatively unimportant, but I wonder why in naming races after horses the associations don't stick to the distances the horses they want to pay honor to favored. Columbiana, for in-

stance, favored a distance of ground.

What has been said has had most to do with Thoroughbreds. But Belair is a farm that produces other things, too. One of the best cadres of Clydesdale horses within this country is maintained there. Our old friend, Frank Davidson, still keeps their standard up. His son is at Belair with his father and much of his time is given to his group of Thoroughbred yearlings just now.

Corn and tobacco are important crops. And altogether, the verdict must be that Belair is one of Maryland's important industries.

Thank you, Mr. Woodward, for a delightful few hours. Here is luck for your Black Tarquin in the coming English Derby—and I will not be surprised to see Whirling Fox give a good account of himself in the Kentucky Derby, either.

## 'CHASING—BREEDING

stance, favored a distance of ground.

Thoroughbred breeders of Florida and Cuba have arranged for a series of races at Oriental Park in Cuba and Tropical Park in Miami which should, at the very least, serve to stimulate interest in the breeding and racing of home-breds in both those places. Cuba will stage the mile and a sixteenth event for older horses at Oriental Park on March 21st. Tropical Park will stage the four and one half furlongs test for two-year-olds, probably the first week in April.

The first running of the Florida Breeders Stakes here inspired a lot of wise cracks among the more blasé turf writers which were lost on the Florida breeders who are very earnest in their desire to breed good stock. When a Press Box was asked Trainer E. E. Russell, who saddled Rablun, the winner of that stake, if he was going to match her with Flashy Sir, the Greyhound Champion, Russell replied, "Who is Flashy Sir?"

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# Thoroughbreds

**Assault's Come Back In Florida Draws  
Enthusiastic Reception From Hialeah As  
King Ranch Scion Wins His Opener**

Joe H. Palmer

Editor's Note: The Chronicle is very pleased to be able to commence with this issue a column by Joe H. Palmer which will replace the news on racing from the pen of the late John Hervey who wrote under the name of Salvador. The Chronicle considers Mr. Palmer the most versatile and informed writer on Thoroughbreds there is in the country today.

It was pleasant, if a little surprising, to hear the wave of applause which greeted Assault when he came out at Hialeah on Saturday, because it was the sort of thing which does not happen, in at least my hearing, a half-dozen times a year. It has almost grown out of fashion to greet even the winner of the biggest races with more than perfunctory cheering, and this is partly due, I think, because racing's greatly expanded public does not always understand the task at hand.

This same Assault got a stormy greeting at Jamaica last July when he won the Butler Handicap. It was understood he was out to regain the money-winning leadership which Styrmie had taken from him, and also that he was shouldering the greatest weight he had ever carried. He did a brilliant job, and he got a rousing reception afterward, though a reader wrote me later that he had heard 3,000 people make three times as much noise down at Sheephead Bay after a big race there.

But too often the public operates on the theory that when ten horses run in a race, it is not surprising that one of them wins it, which is in the first place a failure to see a big race in its setting, and in the second a failure to see the race, as opposed to hearing it. I suppose this is not to be cavilled at, as long as a slightly uninformed but willing citizenry will come through the gates bearing bundles of legitimate currency.

Assault, anyway, gave his enthusiasts a finely chiseled performance, and I do not think I have ever seen a horse run less to win a seven-furlong race. A sixteenth of a mile, at most, was all he needed, and even then he was not at full speed. He still has a bump where the splint that put him out of action was located, but it doesn't trouble him, and he's in really magnificent condition.

Armed, coming out a race later, got a few cheers, too, but of course he's been around all winter, and wasn't starting any comeback attempt. He could have won if he had started from one of the inner post positions, but as it was he lost forty or fifty feet on the first turn, considerably more than he was beaten by. At that, he didn't have the zip he did last year, or he would have won anyway. Ben Jones had remarked a day earlier that the horse wasn't as good as he used to be.

"He was in a kind of a slump for a while," he said, "but he seems to be getting better."

Among the other silly things that happen hereabouts was a request from a lady for some of the books she had been hearing about. She said she'd tried several books snops for some of the books she heard Charlie McLennan had written, but they didn't seem to know anything about them. It was explained to her that Mr. McLennan did not write best sellers, but just condition books, setting forth the type and conditions of the races. She was convicted, rather than convinced, and I think still wanted to buy a few. One cynic remarked that the time to buy a condition book was before it was written, not afterward.

Another bit of misunderstanding, though this one may have been willful, concerned Ted Atkinson. The jockey was about to pass the \$5,000,000 mark with the earnings of his mounts, so the Hialeah publicity service got busy putting a few biographical notes on him together. When the article was finished, the writer took it over to Ted.

"Glance over this and see if it's all right," he said.

Atkinson studied the document carefully. After a while he said, "The facts are all right. But you need a comma here, and this one ought to be a semi-colon." He went on through, correcting the punctuation, and occasionally improving the phrasing.

"Wouldn't have minded so much," the writer told me later, "but he was right every darned time."

You have possibly never heard of Florida-bred horses, but they do breed them down here, and now and then make quite a fuss over them. Earlier in the season, however, there was quite a jolt. Some Cuban racing people were being entertained locally, in racing circles, and one of the visitors got up and proposed that five Florida-bred horses be shipped over and raced against five Cuban-breds, in what you might call a racing main, with a \$5,000 purse. This was meant as a sporting proposition, and in my estimation showed a considerable penetration regarding class, but I understand Florida breeders did not take it warmly.

I did not hear this personally, but the following was reported to me by a man who generally tell the truth when it suits him. Andy Lo Turco took a mount in a race for Florida-bred 2-year-olds, and he behaved tamely enough until the trainer hoisted him into the saddle. Lo Turco looked about him, shifted his balance a little, and remarked, "There ain't much to sit on up here, is there?"

There are, as you'd imagine, two topics of discussion at Hialeah. One is whether Armed can beat Assault in the Widener, and the other is whether Citation can beat Relic in the Flamingo. There are opinions on both sides of both questions, all loud. Ben Jones has a high opinion of Citation—"he's a better horse than Fervent"—and a high one of Relic as well. I asked him if any other 3-year-olds here were likely to trouble either of the two.

"I don't think so," he said. "This Relic looks like a good colt. If I can't beat him, I don't think anybody here can beat him."

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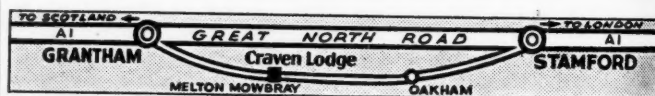
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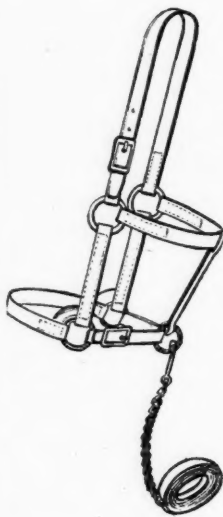
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		{ Azotea	{ Orange
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			{ Amphion
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- Carried from 110 to 139 pounds.
- Won 13 major handicaps in Chile in three years.
- 26% of his races won—56% of his races in the money.
- His foals are real high class and have good bone and girth.

### FEE PRIVATE CONTRACT

Very liberal to the right mares 25 seasons for 1948—very few left

STANDING  
**OLD GLORY FARMS**  
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A new horse farm with complete accommodations for thoroughbred owners, on the Philadelphia to Harrisburg pike (422) 12 miles west of Reading, Pa.



## \*Demas Down But Not Out

If ever a horse was bred to win, it would be the 13-year-old \*Demas. Before he was to carry racing colors, he was in the show ring. The son of Silverstead (he by Son-in-Law)—On Guard, by Grand Parade was bred by Sir Charles Puley and was shown on the line in England by J. V. Rank. With the war evident in 1939, Mr. Rank consented to sell \*Demas to Martin Vogel, Jr. and the 4-year-old was shipped to the U. S. Turned over to Jim Maloney in 1940, he was given his first schooling over jumps and six weeks later, went to the Wilmington show. In a green class with 40 entries, he annexed the blue over 4'-0" jumps. This began a most successful career in the ring which was to end in 1946 when he took his last show ribbon at the Chester County Horse Show.

Following five weeks of training after that show, he was started over timber at Far Hills as a conditioner. He ran well up, taking the lead only to relinquish it when his lack of training and fitness began to tell. A very temperamental horse, his 8 outings last year tell a story.

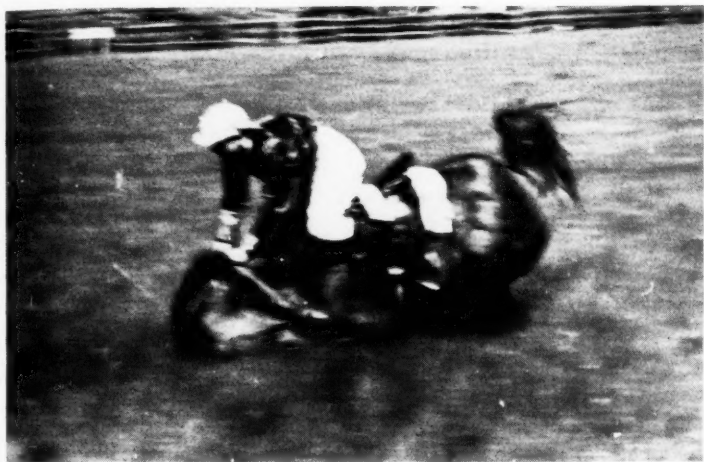
His first start in 1947 at the hunt meetings he won easily by 5 lengths in the mud at Warrenton, the timber race for the Foxhunters Plate. He fell in the Radnor Hunt Cup at the last fence, running ahead by  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile over his nearest contender, Bungtown. His 3rd start at Whitmarsh, \*Demas ran 4th in the Nelson Buckley Challenge Cup over timber, won by Bungtown, apparently not having recovered from Radnor. He fell again at Rolling Rock in the Western Penna. Hunt Cup over timber. He was running easily but was impossible to rate. The next race, \*Demas lost his rider at Whitmarsh with his trainer, Alex Stokes up, in the Pennsylvania Hunt Cup over timber.

Trainer Stokes gave up at this point, advised Mr. Vogel to try him on the flat, and in the Fall won the G. Saportas race on the flat. He was 4th at Essex in the Wilmerding Memorial Cup over hurdles, won by \*Mr. Man. \*Demas' last start at Montpelier on the flat found him running 3rd to Deferment. A horse with great speed, stamina and jumping ability, he lacks the ability to rate himself and refuses to let anyone rate him, his temper getting the best of him. The first turn of a field, his tremendous stride, and superb jumping attracts everyone's attention. As he warms to his work and feels the continuing restraint he gets angry. \*Demas could have been one of the greatest timber horses in many a year. This year Mr. Vogel will fit \*Demas for his first outing on the flat or over hurdles at Warrenton's Spring Meeting.



(Klein Photo)

Mrs. Peggy Hamilton up at Piping Rock.



Mr. Jake Disston and \*Demas go down at the last fence at Radnor Spring Meeting. (Ebelhare Photo)



(Ebelhare Photo)

Bungtown running  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile behind, in 2nd place, goes by as Mr. Disston stoops to help \*Demas.



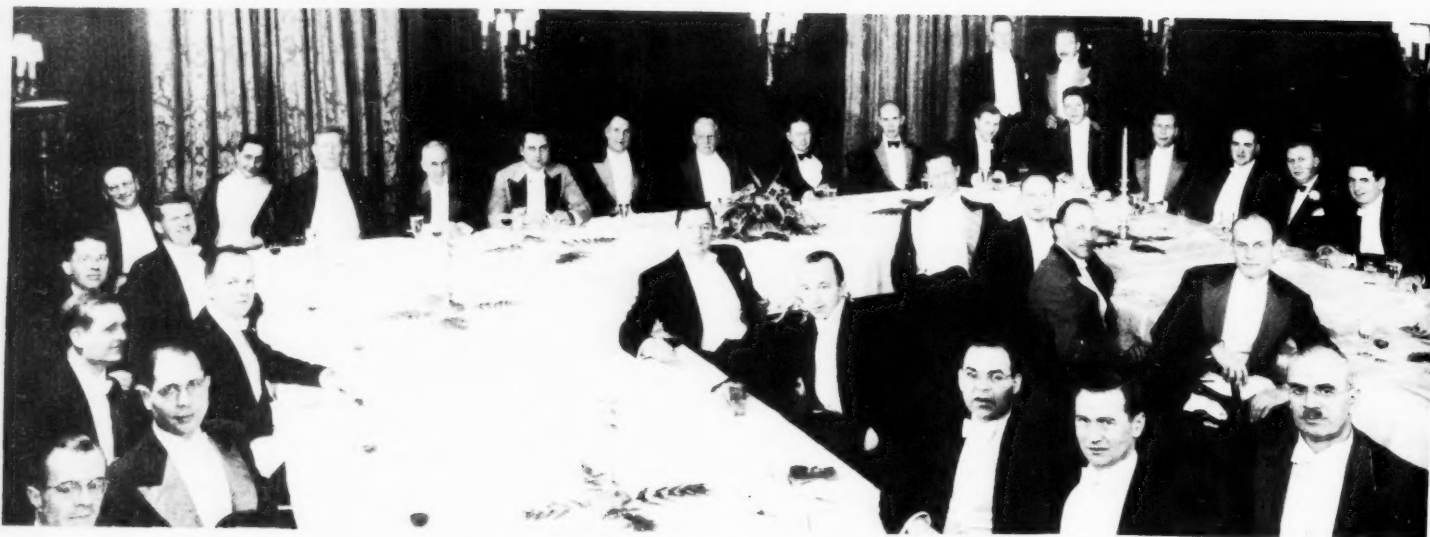
\*Demas completely exhausted after his terrific racing effort. (Ebelhare Photo)



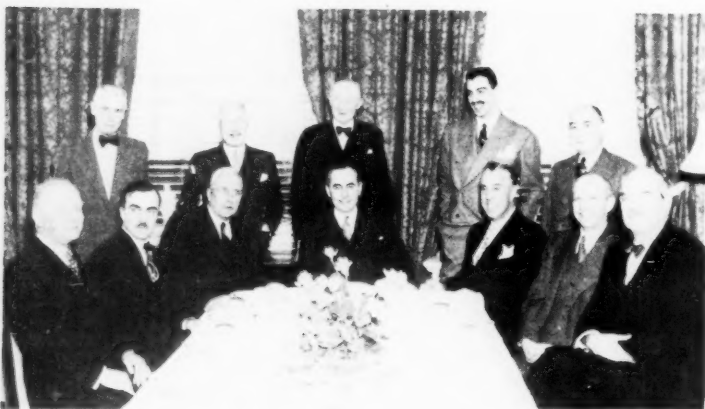
(Klein Photo)

A conformation show winner \*Demas will continue racing over hurdles and on the flat this year for Mr. Vogel and trainer Alex Stokes.

## Hunting Personalities



The 16th annual dinner of the Masters of Beagles was held Friday, February 6th in the Racquet and Tennis Club in New York. Presiding over the meeting which brought 34 beagle Masters together, was Morgan Wing, president of the National Beagle Club. Chetwood Smith, Dean of American Beaglers and Master of the Sir-Sister, charmed the group with a description of beagling 60 years ago when he first caught the urge to hunt hare dogs. Freudy Photo.



Officers of Eglinton Hunt, Toronto, are: Col. C. L. Rawburn, Larry J. McGuinness, O. D. Robinson, M.F.H., Senator G. P. Campbell, President; Vernon G. Cardy, new Joint-M.F.H.; Wilfred Davies and Allan G. Snowden, M. B.

## CHRONICLE QUIZ



WHAT IS "WELL SPRUNG"?

2. Name one of the principal races for 2-year-olds at a mile or over.
3. What is a glass eye?
4. What is a field master?
5. What is a gaited horse?
6. What is fly jumping?

(Answers on Page 19)



In spite of the 50,000 bushel Md. oyster shortage Messrs. Asa Sharp, Jr., Louis Randall and Augustus Riggs, III, M.F.H. Howard County, were able to put on their annual oyster roast for farmers and hunt members at Glenelg, Md., much to the satisfaction of all concerned. Cardell Photo.



With Potomac Hunt in Maryland, Col. Thomas J. Shryock, of the 110th Field Artillery, Md. National Guard, talking over hunting with Col. Richard D. La Garde. Cardell Photo



# Miami Beach Victors In 3rd Try

Last Period Scoring By Staphani Abetted By George Oliver Gives Victors 6-5 Tally Over Miami

Tom Shehan

Miami Beach finally broke into the win column in its third attempt in Orange Bowl Polo League competition here on Friday, Feb. 13th, victimizing the Miami combine, 8-6 before a crowd of 5,008. In the opening game of the doubleheader the University of Miami turned back an inept Georgetown University trio 10-4 while playing its second team most of the second half.

Reviewing the play of the main contest it will have to be conceded that while it was Mac Staphani's two goals in the last 55 seconds of the last period which turned the tide for the Beachers, George Oliver's five goals and long drives up forward to his mates kept the winners in position to score their first victory. Jules Romfh stood out offensively for Miami while the defensive star for that team was Jack Ivory.

Miami Beach was trailing 5-3 in the third period when it staged its offensive surge. Jules Romfh had scored twice to put Miami out front, but then Mac Staphani hung up his first goal shortly afterwards. Two goals in rapid order by Oliver put the Beachers out front, 6-5. With 55 seconds to play Staphani scored twice and Romfh once and the Beachers had won their first game.

The preliminary game wasn't much. One of the Georgetown players had trouble finding a pony he could ride, another didn't take a full cut at the ball with his mallet all night. The visitors from Washington were hopelessly outclassed until they found themselves opposed to the Miami subs in the last period and managed to score their four markers. It was the sixth straight victory for Miami, which is supporting a polo team for the first time in its history this year.

Miami Beach 8	1	2	3	4	Totals
1-Mac Staphani	0	0	1	2	3
2-Jack Ivory	0	0	0	0	0
3-George Oliver	2	1	2	0	5

Miami 6	1	2	3	4	Totals
1-Pedro Silvera	0	1	0	0	1
2-Mike Phipps	0	1	0	0	1
3-Jules Romfh	0	1	2	1	4

Referee: Romeo Mura  
Umpire: Godfrey S. Preece  
Time: Four 6½ minute chukkers

University of Miami 10	1	2	3	4	Totals
1-Jack Evans	3	0	0	0	3
1-Tom Thompson	0	0	0	0	0
2-John Mather	0	3	0	0	3
3-Dick Tucker	0	0	0	0	0
1-Dick Knight	1	1	1	0	3
2-Mike Calhoun	0	0	0	0	0

\* Pony goal.

Georgetown University 4	1	2	3	4	Totals
1-Gene Hynes	0	0	0	0	0
2-Jim Moore	0	0	0	3	3
3-Don Miller	0	0	0	1	1

Referee: Romeo Mura  
Umpire: Godfrey S. Preece  
Time: Four 5½ minute chukkers  
Announced attendance: 5,008

League Standings	Games Won	Lost	Pct.
Chicago	3	2	1 .667
Palm Beach	3	2	1 .667
Miami	3	1	2 .333
Miami Beach	3	1	2 .333

Scoring	Games	Goals
Carroll, Chicago	3	12
Iglehart, Palm Beach	3	12
Rodriguez, Palm Beach	3	9
Hammond, Chicago	3	8
Fergus, Chicago	3	7
Phipps, Miami	3	7
Romfh, Miami	3	7
Oliver, Miami Beach	3	6
Staphani, Miami Beach	3	5
Silvera, Miami	2	4
Ivory, Miami Beach	3	4
Evinger, Palm Beach	3	4
Pony goals	0	4

## Goodwood Race Won By Col. Peel's Slane Done By J. Pollard

There is something extremely gay and festive about Sherman Flint's picture by J. Pollard which he loaned The Chronicle to reproduce on our cover picture this week. The race was run in 1837 and was won by Slane, a bay colt foaled in 1833, the property of a Colonel Peel. Slane was by Royal Oak and he defeated Mr. Fairless' Zohab, a 6-year-old brown gelding by Lottery carrying 7 stone 8 pounds against Slane's 8 stone 2.

The winner was ridden by Jockey A. Davis over a 3½ mile course known as the Queen's Plate Course at Goodwood. Colonel Peel was presented with the Waterloo Shield, a piece of plate valued at 1,000 pounds sterling that represented the battle of Waterloo. The plate was the gift of Lord George Bentinck and to it was added a sweepstakes of 25 sovereigns each, 15 forfeit, to 40 subscribers. The net value of the sweepstakes amounted to 755 pounds.

James Pollard had a wide variety of subjects at his command. His coaching scenes are familiar to all interested in sporting paintings. His hunting pictures, too, are well known, more particularly the painting previously printed in The Chronicle of George 3rd Hunting in Windsor Forest. Pollard was not afraid to borrow ideas from his contemporaries and his coaching scenes are as reminiscent of Cooper-Henderson as are his hunting scenes typical of Alken. The painting on the cover is a rather unusual combination of an early racing scene with the horses flat out and a more modern looking background of what might be a Landseer or Herring. The Jockeys have a devil may care air which seems to add to the gaiety of the sporting scene and the artist seems to have been able to put a holiday mood into the spectators which makes one feel they were all having a very good time at this particular occasion.

# Squadron A Defeats Ramapo Team

Superior Teamwork Puts New York Combination In Lead For First of Three Game Series In Armory

William F. Goodrich

New York-Credit teamwork as the reason why the unbeaten Squadron A Regulars polo team went one game up on the Ramapo Polo Club in the best two out of three game series for the Metropolitan high-goal indoor championship title last Saturday night at the Squadron A Armory.

Squadron A won 13 to 9. The series switches to Essex Troop Armory, Newark, tomorrow night February 21. A third game will be played at Squadron A regardless of the outcome on February 28.

The four-goals by handicap Squadron A received at the outset was the margin of victory. The way the Squadron A team played there was little doubt in most everyone's mind that it could have beaten Ramapo on the flat. Ramapo took the field with the "pony-power" and again it was proven that the horse is not everything even in polo.

Paul Miller, Billy Rand, team captain, and Walter Nicholls, were sharp for the occasion as they had been in all of their eight previous victories. The expert handling of Parsells by Rand from the No. 2 position was a highlight of the game. When a player holds Parsells to four goals in a wide-open game it's worthy of the highest comment.

Ramapo took the field with nine of the best mounts that could be rounded up by Parsells and Company, but the Squadron A four-legged stars were kings in the "game-ness" department. Miller rode Split Fire, West Point and Dragon Lady. Tex, C. S. and Light Foot carried Rand, while Pancho, Jingles and New Yorker were played by Nicholls.

My Gal, Pretty Girl, My Boy, Flash Light, Red Bug, Rantone, Tramp, Spots and Black Angel were employed by Ramapo.

The first goal of the game was scored by Miller and after a pony goal by Ramapo and another by Miller the first period closed with Squadron A in front 6 to 1. Nicholls banged home a goal in the opening seconds of the second chukker and two more by Miller raised the total to 9 to 1 before Parsells scored. The last of Miller's tallies put Squadron A ahead 10 to 2 at the half.

Ramapo drew closer to the opposition on successive goals by Billy Zimmerman, but the gap was widened to 12 to 4 in favor of the Squadron A side on goals by Nicholls. Parsells and Zimmerman counted in order toward the end of the third period to cut the Squadron A lead down to 12 to 6.

Rather than protect its six goal margin in the deciding period Squadron A went out after more counts. The action was swift in this period and after a series of misses on goal tries by both sides Ramapo clicked off three goals, two by Parsells and another by Zimmerman, to chop the Squadron A advantage to 12 to 9. Time was running out and before the

final bell sounded Nicholls banged the last goal of the game up against the wall.

Parsells was disappointed. He thinks he can even the series on the home grounds. But, if you take the word of the veteran Tom Glynn of Boulder Brook, Ramapo can't slacken its pace a single minute. If it does it's lost.

The largest crowd of the 1947-48 season watched the Regulars triumph and Montoga beat Boulder Brook 11 to 8, in a match which saw Johnny Burns, No. 2 of the winning team, fall to the tankard unconscious in the third period when the saddle girth snapped at mid-ring. Burns struck the earth with his head and after minutes of laying still he was carried off the field on a stretcher to the medical room where after a complete examination by Dr. Bryan A. Hero, Squadron A Medical Officer, he was removed to Flower Fifth Avenue Hospital for observation.

The lineups:  
Pos. Montoga Boulder Brook  
No. 1—L. T. Whitehead Zenas Colt  
No. 2—John Burns Tommy Glynn  
Back—R. V. Clark Tommy Wheeler  
Montoga 3 1 2 5-11  
Boulder Brook 2 3 1 2-8  
Goals—Montoga: Whitehead 4, Clark 6, Scanlon 1. Boulder Brook: Colt 3, Glynn 2, Wheeler 2. By handicap 1. Substitute—Montoga: Walter Scanlon for Burns. Referee—Lt. Col. D. W. Thackeray, U.S.A. Time of periods—7½ minutes.

Pos. Squadron A Regulars Ramapo  
No. 1—Paul Miller Billy Zimmerman  
No. 2—Billy Rand Al Parsells  
Back—Walter Nicholls Dr. E. B. Hopper  
Squadron A 6 4 2 1-13  
Ramapo 1 1 4 3-9  
Goals—Regulars: Miller 5, Nicholls 4, by handicap 4. Ramapo: Zimmerman 4, Parsells 4, by pony 1. Referee—Henry Untermeyer. Time of periods—7½ minutes.

## Breeders' Notes

Continued from Page Ten

### MEREWORTH'S PENNYMAKER

The first foal of 1946 to win a stakes is the Mereworth bred filly, Pennymaker, who, undefeated in three starts, is certainly living up to her name. The coy bay miss is by that farm's old standby, Ariel, and is out of Profitable by John P. Grier. Profitable, herself a winner at 2, is a 100 percent producer and is half-sister to Zacaweista, a well known sire of speedsters. The stakes Pennymaker won was the second running of the Fair Ground's Debutante Stakes, a poorly thought of name for this particular race as it will be confused with the better known fixture at Churchill Downs.

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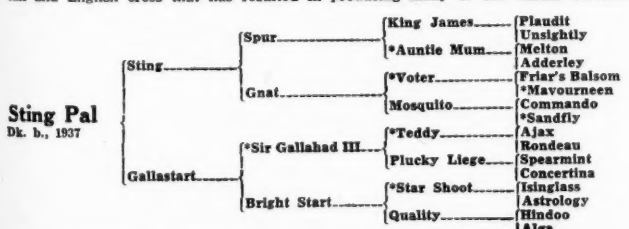
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## Thumbnail Notes On California Polo

Some Players, Ponies, and Teams Who Are Doing Much To Provide High Quality Polo On Pacific Coast

Tom Pilcher

The Beverly Hills Polo Club is making extensive improvements to its plant, aside from re-seeding the number 3 field which was let go during the war, the number 4 dirt field is being put into shape for stick and ball practice. The polo manager's cottage is under-going many improvements, adding shower baths and a club room which henceforth will be used for the benefit of players and visiting teams.

The club will entertain a strong Eastern team during the months of March and April, comprising of Laddie Sanford, Cecil Smith, Clarence Stark and Larry Sherrin.

The Pacific Coast Open Tournament will be played this year at the Beverly Hills Polo Club.

H. W. "Rube" Williams well known Texas player and polo pony dealer has shipped his ponies from his ranch in Llano, Texas to Aiken, S. C.

According to word received from Harry East, manager of the Santa Barbara Polo Club, the 12 Goal Interclub Cup will be commenced there on Feb. 22, followed by the Pacific Coast Junior 12 goal, after which the Jim Colt Memorial Cup will be played. The finals of the 12 Goal Interclub will probably be played off at the Oakbrook Club, Chicago.

The Greenpoint Club from Australia are playing two match games at Santa Barbara on February 8 and 15, against a San Mateo four, which will be composed of Vic Graber, Clarence Stark, Hershell Crites and L. C. Smith. The second game will be against a Santa Barbara team, in the line-up will be, J. Wort, Dean Mullins, Arthur Perkins and Pete Jackson. Owing to the unexpected return of Bill Dodd of the Aussie Team to Australia, they will fill the vacancy with Pat Hunt their reserve player.

Tom "Red" Guy hails from Oklahoma and learned his polo around Ponca City, has dealt successfully in polo ponies, is one of the longest hitters in the game, plays up and down the Pacific Coast during the winter months, with a 6 goal rating, is one of the best malletmen outside of the international bracket.

Alex Bullock con-currently running polo at the Beverly Hills Club, is a sound 5 goal player, fine horseman and stick man, before the war successfully managed the Santa Barbara Polo Club.

Bob Smith deals in ponies and plays for the San Mateo Club, is a hard hitting 6 goaler, a very dependable and hard worker on the field.

Bobbie Fletcher son of Steen Fletcher veteran player and well known Los Angeles oil man, is one of the most promising of the younger players, is a good number 2, a fine striker, and is well worth his 3 goal handicap.

Wayne Dailard retired business executive from San Diego, plays regularly at Beverly Hills and Santa Barbara, is a very useful 2 goal man at back, and is always mounted on the best.

Duke Coulter, left-handed and carrying 4 goals, is a player with many years of experience, is a hard hitter, and is a valuable addition to any team.

"Pete" Jackson millionaire sportsman of California and Nevada, owns the well known polo fields and plant in Santa Barbara, has done more to sponsor the game for the Channel City than any other individual, maintains a top string of ponies and plays a useful No. 1 in any company.

Russell Havenstrite wealthy oil executive of Los Angeles, is president of the newly formed Beverly Hills Polo Club. Has been a keen supporter of the game over a number of years, former member and player for the old Midwick Club and the Unifiers in their hey-day. Has a 3 goal rating and plays a very sound game in the "back" position.

"Willie" Tevis well known ranch owner and business man of San Francisco, over a period of years has pioneered the game at San Mateo and latterly in Golden Gate Park,

carries a 4 goal rating, and has probably done more than anyone else to promote new players in the northern area.

Aidan Roark who hails from Ireland and brother of the late Pat Roark, belongs to that distinguished list of international players, is a very fine horseman and will undoubtedly represent any combination of Western players in the future, is a popular newspaper columnist, and is married to the well known tennis star Helen Wills.

George Pope of San Francisco and member of the San Mateo Club, has been playing top polo for a number of years, carries a 4 goal rating and is one of the best mounted men on the Coast.

W. G. "Bill" Gilmore steel manufacturer of San Francisco, has been a regular member of the San Mateo Club since its inception, plays a useful number one, and is an enthusiastic race horse owner.

Charles Huthsing Jr., with three goals is one of the up and coming young players, well mounted and is seen at his best in the forward position, played for the old Riviera Club, and now a member of the Beverly Hills Club.

Carl Grawford with years of experience behind him, has played the game from Coast to Coast, is a hard worker on the field, and well worth his 5 goal handicap, plays for the Beverly Hills Club.

Eric Pedley former international number one, and member of the old Midwick club, now resides in San Francisco and has proved a tower of strength to the San Mateo Club, his game is always in the top bracket.

Peter Perkins with eight goals is considered one of the top young players in the country, a prisoner of war with the Japs for three and a half years he returned to this country, to be invited to play on the American team against Mexico in 1946. He is a fine horseman and a brilliant mallet man in any position, is a son of the old Midwick player Arthur Perkins.

Darryl Zanuck mogul of 20th Century Fox Productions, played formerly with Midwick, has always been an enthusiastic supporter of the game over a period of years, and gets into the game whenever his studio duties will permit. Is a very good number one, and maintains a top string of ponies.

## Australians Bow To Concar Four At Santa Barbara

Tom Pilcher

Santa Barbara Polo Club opened its gates to the public on Sunday February 8, when the channel city entertained the Greenpoint polo team from Australia. Before a crowd of some thousand spectators the visitors were pitted against the Concar four, who came down from northern California for the event. With the fields in beautiful condition, a very interesting game took place with heavy scoring on both sides, with the Concar eventually winning by 11 goals to 8.

For the winners Clarence Stark 6 goal player, was outstanding and was aboard some top notch ponies, Vic Graber and crites proved the high scorers, putting the pellet through the goal posts on no less than four occasions. For Greenpoint, Bob Smith went on a scoring spree, making 5 goals, while Hector King playing at number two position, seized every opportunity to score 3 goals.

Concar (California)	
L. C. Smith	4
Vic Graber	4
Stark	3
Crites	4
	11
Greenpoint (Australia)	
Austin	3
King	3

## Palm Beach Upset Over Miami Team Ties Up League

Tom Shehan

While the crowd probably didn't appreciate it as much as the games which were decided by closer scores, Palm Beach's 10-2 conquest of Miami Beach here the night of February 6th was about as well played a polo game as has been seen in the Orange Bowl Polo League this season. That victory put Palm Beach in a tie with Chicago for the league lead.

Other games have been more exciting, but have been more of a scramble. Palm Beach played team polo the way it should be played in its victory over Miami Beach. The trio of Juan Rodriguez, Stewart Iglehart and Hank Evinger played aggressively, passed well and made the most of every opportunity.

Iglehart played his best game. He fed his teammates continuously with long drives and he was strong on the defense. Juan Rodriguez also played a fine game.

On the other hand the Miami Beach combination of Mac Staphani, Jack Ivory and George Oliver never could get going after the first chucker. The score then was 2-2, but after that Palm Beach drew steadily away.

Surprise of the doubleheader, however, was the 4-3 defeat of the Yale University trio by the unbeaten University of Miami combine. Without seeking to take anything away from them, Miami hung up four goals in the first two periods while Yale was mounted on inferior ponies and then spent the remainder of the game striving desperately and successfully to hold off the drive of the Eli combine.

Captain Bill Ylvisaker was the offensive star of the game for Yale while Dan Mahoney, Jr., son of the publisher of the Miami Daily News, played strong defensively for the visitors. Jack Evans and Dick Knight, with two goals each, did the scoring for the Miami team. The aggressiveness of Evans and Knight enabled them to rattle off the four

Bob Smith	5
Hunt	8
Umpires—Pete Jackson and Hale Marsh	
Referee—John De Blois Wack.	

## Bel Air Defeats Beverley Hills In Close Game

Tom Pilcher

On Sunday February 8, some spectacular polo was witnessed before some 2,000 fans at the Beverly Hills Polo Club. The Bel-Air foursome lined up against Beverly Hills, the former winning by 6 goals to 4.

Duke Coulter and Alec Bullock cashed in on scoring opportunities in the final two chukkers, to clinch the game. Bobbie Fletcher scored all 4 goals for Beverly Hills, getting loose in the first stanza, he tallied no less than three times, his stick work proved to be sensational at times. At half time the game was dead-locked, but Coulter coming out into the fifth period, broke the tie with a sizzling left-handed shot. Line-ups

Bel-Air	
C. Huthsing	2
C. Wheeler	3
A. Bullock	1
D. Coulter	6
Beverly Hills	
F. Fletcher	4
B. Fletcher	
A. Roark	
W. Dailard	4
Umpire. Dr. William Branch.	

early goals which provided the winning margin.

Palm Beach 10	
1—Juan Rodriguez	2 0 1 1 4
2—Stewart Iglehart	0 2 0 1 3
3—Hank Evinger	0 0 1 1 2

\* Ivory's Pony deflected ball into goal.

Miami Beach 2	
1—Mac Staphani	1 0 0 0 0
2—Jack Ivory	1 0 0 0 1
3—George Oliver	1 0 0 0 1
	2 0 0 0 2

Referee: Godfrey S. Preece.

Time: Four 6½ minute chukkers.

University of Miami 4	
1—Jack Evans	1 1 0 0 2
2—John Mather	0 0 0 0 0
3—Dick Knight	1 1 0 0 2
	2 2 0 0 4

Referee: Godfrey S. Preece.

Time: Four 5½ minute chukkers.

Orange Bowl Polo League Standing	
Games Played	Won Lost Pct.
Chicago	3 2 1 .667
Palm Beach	3 2 1 .667
Miami	2 1 1 .500
Miami Beach	2 0 2 .000

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enamelled metal	
Serfin Fly Covers	8.50
full size	
Halters	6.75
solid brass trim	
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## Notes From Great Britain

### Fox Battles In February That Provide Thrills To Lovers of Wild Things of Nature

by J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

An observant country lover, interested in the creatures of the wild, may live in a rural Arcadia of woodland, stream and hill, for years and never see an otter, or a badger, and rarely catch sight of a fox. Yet all three animals may share his Arcadia with him. To study each of these animals at close quarters necessitates not only a knowledge of place and time, but also methods of approach, the quarter of the wind, concealment, and patience. Many of us have spent hours watching both badgers and fox cubs at play, yet it has been by accident that we have (on rare and memorable occasions) had the luck to witness a battle royal amongst two or more dog foxes contesting for the right to claim a vixen for life. I say for life advisedly, for I am convinced that the companionship once formed, lasts until death comes to one or the other. I do not say that the dog fox is entirely faithful in a locality in which there are many more vixens than male vulps, but long observation has satisfied me that a dog fox cleaves to the vixen he first wooed and won (maybe after bloody conflict), and that it is her family, year by year, he helps to support. It is in late January and during February (sometimes earlier in the mild winter) that vixens join with owls to break the stillness of the night with their weird call, born of mate-longing loneliness. If the rather blood-curdling cry (it seems to travel miles to the ears of vulpine batchelors) is near enough to us, if the moon is up, and the wind right, (such a lot of 'ifs'!), we may see things happen—and hear them too! I have witnessed and heard perhaps half-a-dozen vulpine battles, but only one amongst badgers. The latter—at a cete shared by both foxes and two or three families of badgers—was the noisiest. I fancy a cubless vixen had killed the young of a sow badger, and that the foxes were being forcibly expelled. Anyhow, it produced louder shrieks, was noisier, more arresting and more thrilling than duels between rivals for the hand of a vulpine lady. Only once have I known the latter contests continue until the vanquished has been killed. There is often a long and fierce fight, with fur flying, with growls and yaps, and, if snow be on the ground, scarlet stains to tell of the severity of those sharp canine teeth. We may stand spellbound as we watch in the moonlight, but the cause of all the trouble sits somewhere in the offing, apparently quite unconcerned, ready to trot off with the worn-out, bloodstained, be-draggled victor.

The fox battle I remember most vividly was in Flaxendale, on the Hambleton Hills. Henry Foster, the then keeper on the estate, and I were really badger-watching, but quite near where we lay a vixen had called several times. Two dog foxes arrived almost simultaneously on the scene. They walked round each other menacingly, showing their teeth, which glistened in the moonlight, but like some present day boxers, they did not seem inclined to engage. After many threats and circlings—during which the vixen was ignored—they lay down facing and watching each other, at a distance of about five yards. It seemed as though the thriller we anticipated was going to fizzle out, when suddenly three more foxes made their appearance. The vixen had not called again, so that her first piercing invitations to all whom it might concern, must have travelled far on the night air. Immediately the first arrivals closed and fought tooth and nail, the other three, which had come from different directions, snarled at each other, described figures of 8 round each other, the while keeping an eye on the battle in progress. Before long the bigger of the two contestants got the other down and fixed his teeth in his adversary's throat. The remainder ap-

peared to sense what had happened, and all three joined in to finish off the dying animal, whose very life's blood was choking him. They bit and tore like mad fiends, and, leaving the dead carcass, they all combined in an attack on the original victor. He was bitten through a pad, and howling with pain, limped off from the unequal odds and disappeared. Then the remaining trio lay down, with heads resting on, or between their forelegs, and proceeded to size up the opposition. What would have happened next I cannot say, for suddenly the vixen, who had changed her position, gave a warning yap, much like that which sends cubs hurtling into their earth, and, in a second all four foxes had vanished, leaving behind the slain. Probably the vixen had caught our scent, and, strong as is the emboldening influence of sex and hunger, self-preservation is a more potent force than either. Doubtless the quartette reassembled at a safe distance, and there the three males would decide in a series of battles which of them was to claim the lady whose call they had all answered, and who would watch the proceedings, as ladies of yore watched knights at their jousts.

One of the best descriptions I have ever read of a vulpine battle is that in W. R. Calvert's "The Passions of the Wild". Here is an extract from the story of a duel between two Cumbrian foxes, in which one of the grey foxes from the hills was the victor:

"The fight had been fierce before: it was now ferocious, deadly, brutal in its violence. Grey fox became a gory horror, his rival a bloodstained nightmare. The bloody slaverings from their jaws dripped to the red dened slush in which they rolled and staggered, fell down, stumbled up, and were knocked down again. Their breath wheezed through wide-distended nostrils and smoked in the frosted air with the steam that rose from their heaving bodies. And from above the wall the gleaming eyes of the vixen burned like twin stars. . . The end came swiftly. Grey fox slipped and went down, and his adversary fell heavily upon him. Nigh winded, he refused to relax the grip on the throat and so obtain the air he needed. Savagely he shifted his grip and drove it home; and a red warm flood gushed over him. The enemy quivered and was still. Feebly, grey fox struggled to his feet and turned to where the vixen stood silhouetted in all the graceful beauty of her being. Twice he barked, a quavering uncertain bark. From the wall the vixen answered, then sprang down and licked his gory muzzle. Together they loped slowly down the fell."

#### Grand National Horses

A correspondent writes to ask me what became of Troytown. After winning the 1920 Grand National he was sent to France to compete in the Prix des Drags at Auteuil in June. Here he met with an accident and had to be destroyed. He was buried in the animals' cemetery at Asnières, close to Paris, a stone, bearing the following inscription marking his grave:

"Troytown (Darling), br. c. Zria—(Diane), born 19th May 1913 at Gishstown, co. Meath, killed in the Prix des Drags at Auteuil 25th June 1920. Winner of Grand Steeplechase de Paris 1919, Grand National, Liverpool, 1920, and other races. We shall ne'er see your like again."

Appropos Grand National horses, one of the most experienced trainers of 'chasers remarked to a party of us the other day, "Horses with ambitions to win at Liverpool should not be falling at fences now, but as to speed condition, and even staying, no trainer wants Grand National horses at their best by the end of January or early February. There is no race in which it is more essential than the National that horses should neither be over-trained or under-trained. They must not be neither coming on, nor going off when the big day at Aintree arrives, but trained to be at their best in wind, muscle and general condition, and fit to jump out of their skin."

This, from a recognised authority, is worth remembering by those who are inclined to say of horses which have not run up to their expectations two months before the National—"He has no sort of a chance at Liverpool."

## Secor Farms Club Show

Continued from Page Four

A. Appleton; Dalchoolin, and a black named Amber, had a breaking round that made the riders feel certain they were up for first. They took both their set-back and their razzing with the good nature that typifies these club shows, and gave way to the judges' decision and a chestnut team with riders Kathleen Merrill, Maude Verrilli and Jean Cochrane.

Miss Cochrane annexed another blue before the show was over, taking the first ribbon in the adult maiden horsemanship class. This is an excellent class for club members who have not had much horse show experience. Jumps are kept down to approximately a foot and a half, which gives the riders nothing to think about but their form. Miss Cochrane, looking very dashing in her Fairfield Hunt colors, kept up the good riding she had displayed throughout the show and carried off the blue, with Mrs. E. O. Smith placing second.

There is always a sweepstakes class at the end of each show, with riders putting up a dollar each, winner to take all. This class is always a lot of fun, with the horses as well as the riders seeming to know that this marks the end of a perfect day and why not end it with a bang and a good, fast ride. Yesterday's sweepstakes was won by Captain Oliver D. Appleton aboard The Hawk, with a truly spectacular performance such as this horse can give when he's really in form.

Supper and cocktails were served in the clubroom and when the party

## NOTES FROM ABROAD

broke up, at eight o'clock, everyone was weary, but everyone agreed, as they do at the end of each of these gay, informal club shows, that, "This was the best show yet."

February 8

Bridle path hack, hunter type—1. Jungle Jim, ridden by Jo Hanlon; 2. Cinderella, ridden by Nancy Lindsay, owned by Leigh Grahame; 3. Monsoon, owned and ridden by Mrs. Joshua Barney; 4. Catnip, owned by Hugh Grant Straus and ridden by Mrs. Gordon Wright.

Maiden horsemanship—1. Linda Vallenstein; 2. Pamela Moore; 3. Barbara May; 4. Beth Graham.

Working hunters—1. Catnip, owned by Hugh Grant Straus and ridden by Marion Laucks; 2. Jungle Jim, owned and ridden by Miss Jo Hanlon; 3. Monsoon, owned and ridden by Mrs. Joshua Barney; 4. Hi Cotner, owned by Hugh Grant Straus and ridden by Jean Cochrane.

Maiden jumping class—1. Margaret Carlson; 2. Penny Monroe; 3. Mary Gutfreund; 4. Linda Vallenstein.

Teams of three hunters—1. Superstition, owned by Kathleen Merrill, ridden by Mrs. Emil Verrilli; Hi Cotner, owned by Hugh Grant Straus, ridden by Jean Cochrane; Field Master, owned and ridden by Mrs. Joseph L. Merrill; 2. Cinderella, owned by Leigh Grahame, ridden by Blanche Clark; Wee Willie, owned by Leigh Grahame, ridden by Nancy Lindsay; Thanksgiving, owned by Hugh Grant Straus, ridden by Marion Laucks; 3. The Hawk, owned and ridden by Captain Oliver D. Appleton; Dalchoolin, owned by Gordon Wright and ridden by Anne Morningstar; Amber, owned by the Secor Farms Riding Club and ridden by Marion Laucks; 4. Boy Scout, owned and ridden by Mrs. Emil Verrilli; Glom, owned and ridden by Mrs. Oliver D. Appleton; Catnip, owned by Hugh Grant Straus, ridden by Marion Laucks.

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## For Sale

### HORSES

Beautiful gray 14.2 Anglo-Arab mare, 7 years old, has been shown and won in MacClay and Hack Classes. Jumps big. Makes a beautiful picture for the right child. This is well known pony. Gordon Wright, Agent. Secor Farms, Hillair Circle, White Plains, N. Y. Tel: White Plains 9-10098. 2-6-3t-c

Omaha—Lady Olambala, 2-year-old gelding. The makings of perfect chestnut heavyweight conformation hunter. Now stands 15.1 with tremendous bone. Has been ridden. This is a real fine prospect. Gordon Wright, Agent. Secor Farms, Hillair Circle, White Plains, N. Y. Tel: White Plains 9-10098. 2-6-3t-c

Brown horse 7 yrs. 16.2. Middleweight quality type working hunter. Very quiet in hunting field, lovely hack. Also bay horse 16 hands, 7 yrs. Can be hunted by anyone in snaffle bridle. Both sound and priced to sell. Raymond Burr, Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn.

Irish hunter, dark chestnut g., 16.3, middleweight, good jumper, sound, 4 years. Also Irish hunter, bay g., 16.3, heavyweight, nice jumper, sound, 8 years. Apply Box FH, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 1t-c

Five-year-old reg. br. g., 15.2, June 6, 1943 by Parmalee T. (he by Victorian)—Lilane by Vindex. Handsome and mannerly ride for lightweight person. Has started three times on mile tracks, is without blemish and could return to training. Box FF, The Chronicle, Berryville, Virginia. 1t-c

Steeplechase prospect out of winner by winner, grandson of two great sires Campfire and \*Huron, great steeplechaser. Been hunting, ready to go into training. Large flat bone, 1185, 16.1, 5, bay gelding. Stands back, jumps fast and big, speed proven at track. All the prerequisites! Putting him under trainer March 1st, putting price up that date. Also 16.1 1-2 prospect by Constitution; and 16.2 winner on flat, also Man o' War line, Fair Play cross. Consider proven broodmares or top conformation prospects in trade. Box FC, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 1t-c

Seasoned qualified hunters, no papers, 16.1 and 16.2, 5 and 6, show anywhere in working or low percentage conformation classes. Have won in good company. Guaranteed foolproof, honest, sound and to hunt any country in snaffle. Also field hunters, open, and steeplechase prospect clearance. Interested in proven broodmares and top conformation prospects. Box FD, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 1t-c

### DOGS

Norwich (Jones) Terriers P. O. Box 96, Upperville, Virginia. 1-9-tf

Labrador Retrievers. Puppies for sale. Bred for Bench and Field. Mrs. A. A. Baldwin, White Post, Va. 10-10-tf

English Springer Spaniel puppies sired by our ch. G. I. Jeff of Sandblown Acre, whelped October 1947. Cartref Kennels, Box 1518, Route 13, Kirkwood, Mo. 2-13-3t-pd

### HOUNDS

Five, registered, unentered, eight-month old bitches. Four of these are by Driver, winner of the best American bred dog hound at Bryn Mawr last fall, and the other is equally well bred. Price \$50.00 each. Address: William Chadwell, Huntsman, c/o Essex Fox Hounds, Peapack, N. J. 1t-c

Account of large young entry Camargo Hunt is disposing of 11 couple of good entered and 2 couple of unentered, registered cross-bred hounds, predominantly Welsh. Crossed with well bred English and American. If interested, write O. DeGray Vanderbilt, Jr., Joint M. F. H., c/o Weir Kilby Corporation, Cincinnati 12, Ohio. 2-20-4t-c

Five hound puppies, one male, four females, all broken. Price \$30 each. Also one yearling filly by Spanish Jean out of a Repulse mare. R. F. Griffith, Philomont, Virginia. Phone Purcellville 6563. 1t-pd

### JEEP AND TRAILER

1946 Civilian Jeep with about 23,000 miles. Cost \$1,410. Also attractive 1946 two-horse trailer. Cost \$850. Both in good condition. Price for both \$1,500. Most useful combination ever on a horse farm. Eli Long, RFD 4, Delaware, Ohio. 2-6-3t-pd

### VANS - TRAILERS

1946 Chevrolet, Deluxe Six Horse Van. Driven less than 2,000 miles. Phone Russell Downes, West Chester, Pa. 3137 or Newtown Square, Pa. 49-J-4. 2-6-4t-c

### TACK

18 in. Whippy Saddle. Excellent condition. \$125. Mrs. Ralph T. King, Gates Mills, Ohio. Phone: Gates Mills 557. 2-20-3t-c

### PONY AND CART

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## Wanted

### HELP

Reliable married man to care for three Tennessee walking horses and to train and handle small number of bird dogs on private home place, and to care for quail, fox, etc. Four room house with water and electricity furnished. Salary \$125 per month. Give references and number children if any. Sunny Hill Plantation, Camden, S. C. 1t-pd

Reliable Stud Groom. Excellent living conditions. 12 miles from Washington, D. C. Box CM, The Chronicle, Middleburg, Va. 1-23-4t-c

### POSITION

Riding governess, capable of teaching fine arts, desires position. Many years experience in show ring and hunt field. Also training and schooling horses and stable management. Box FG, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 1t-c

Expert horseman and riding instructor desires suitable position. Am thoroughly grounded and experienced in training colts, developing and showing hunters and jumpers and in management of stable and riding school. Box FE, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 1t-pd

Life experience with Thoroughbred horses. Hunters, stallions, mares, colts. Middle-age single. References. S. Harris, 833 East 224th Street, Bronx, 66, N. Y. 1t-pd

### VANS - TRAILERS

Two or three horse van truck body in good condition for G. M. C. ton truck. Price and location in first letter. F. H. Guthrie, 323 Beaver Street, Greensburg, Penna. 1t-c

### HORSES

Thoroughbred broodmare not over 10 years or under 16 hands. Must either be in foal now or have had previous foal. State price and bloodlines. Box FI, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 2-20-2t-c

## Boarding

Horses boarded. Have eight box stalls available. Will take colts to break and hunters to board. These stalls are suitable for broodmares. Plenty of good blue grass pasture. Call Newtown Square 0145-J or write John T. McNeerney, R. D. 2, Newtown Square, Penna. 1t-pd

## Westminster Kennel Club's 68th Annual Show Held In N. Y.

### Meadow Lark

Promptly at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening, February 11, Colonel Jack Mansfield of Taunton, Mass. stepped into Ring 10 at Madison Square Garden, N. Y. C. to adjudicate 75 Beagles entered in the several classes. Not a ring side seat was to be had at the 68th annual Westminster Kennel Club's Show, while enthusiastic Beaglers were standing two and three deep.

Col. Mansfield's ring stewards, E. A. Hurd, Master of the Navesink Beagles for many years, and S. Y. L'Ommedie, had the contestants promptly on hand. Genial Fred Huyler, president of the Gladstone Beagle Club sat nearby, ready to make an official measurement should it be asked.

After the first three classes, it was observed what Col. Mansfield wanted. He went for soundness with correct gait. His selections were nice fronted, well balanced hounds, correctly marked, with sufficient bone, not extreme. He made his awards without fear or favor. When he gave the nod to O. J. Gennett to go to No. 1 position with Champion Altopa Atom, as Best Beagle under 13 inches, the tremendous applause was approval of a popular decision.

Altopa Atom, owned by Harry R. Miller of Altoona, Penna., is a well balanced little hound, has a beautiful head, with a front and feet that could not be improved. A natural born showman he was well handled by Gennett.

For his best over 13" and not exceeding 15" Beagle, Judge Mansfield selected Lynwood's Peter Pan entered by C. W. Cornell from far away Halifax, N. S., Canada. Again, a splendidly proportioned typical little hound with lots of quality, the only difference being some two inches higher at the withers than Atom.

This hound was handled by "Chint" Callahan in his usual expert manner.

A nice entry of Basset was also judged the 2nd day (Thursday).

For his best of the Breed, Col. Mansfield selected Miss Ira D. Shoop's Norristown, Penna., Champion, Hartshead Pepper which was nicely handled by Mrs. C. V. Blagden.

Colonel Jack Mansfield is one of our old time Hound (American) men. He ran some of his hounds at the Brunswick Fur Trials many years ago. Recently his Clay Carton, was placed at The National Fox Hound Trials at Westfield, Mass.

The Hound Group eligible to the different Breeds of Hounds who had won their Best of Breed (18 in all) appeared before Bayard Tuckerman, Jr. Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Tuckerman gave every hound a thorough going over. Each and every one was examined as to correct

Hunters and race horses boarded. A new stable located in Old Brookville, Long Island, is opening March 1st, with modern facilities and trained personnel. Apply J. T. Bragg Boarding Stables, Cedar Swamp Road, Old Brookville, L. I. 2-6-4t-c

## Miscellaneous

Will Theodore N. Jones formerly of Sagamore Farm please contact William C. Marshall, 740, Crevelings Lane, Cincinnati 26, Ohio.

Polo School, Middleburg, Virginia. To start May 1st, 1948, a thorough course in the care, maintenance, and points of polo ponies, through working with them, and playing polo three times weekly. Six to eight boys limit, 16 yrs. or older. Must be good riders, willing and able to work, learn, and take orders. Bunk house provided, with cooking facilities, no board. Only likely polo players admitted. Tuition reasonable. Contact R. V. Clark, 177 East 70th Street, or Squadron A. Armory 94th Street and Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Will be there until April 15th. After that date c-o The Middleburg Polo Club, Middleburg Va. This school will provide any boy with knowledge of how to play polo well, buy and sell a pony, and therefore play polo at a minimum cost in the future. Three months minimum course. 1-2-tf

rect jaw and teeth formation and allowed to parade individually. Before placing his awards he asked for three turns of the vast arena, much to the delight of the vast crowd. But as one of the contestants was heard to remark, "Just a nice work-out."

Bayard Tuckerman, an old friend of the writer, not so many years ago, was one of our foremost gentleman riders. He was formerly Joint-Master with William B. Almy at Quansett.

Lord Brentwood, the sensational Beagle of the outdoor shows of last summer was marked absent. Also it was disappointing not to see any of the splendid Harriers, usually sent on by Amory L. Haskell, Master of Monmouth County Hunt, Red Bank, New Jersey. This writer recalls that Superb Harrier Monarch of the Monmouth County Hunt was pronounced the best of 3,000 Dogs at Morris and Essex a few years ago.

The classes for fox hounds, English or American, didn't fill. Amongst those at the Beagle Ring were Mrs. J. Austin duPont, interestingly watching her nice homebred Merry Lad win his class; Mr. and Mrs. Peter McQuade, Millbrook, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Moyer of Phillipsburg, New Jersey and many others.

Philix Leiser of Baltimore, an authority on Whippers and Whipping racing, slated to judge at Boston, February 22 and 23 was circulating amongst his many friends. It was this writer's good fortune to have W. C. Baldwin, the International Hound Judge of Hull, Canada, sitting next to him during the judging, with James S. Houck and Mrs. Houck, interested spectators a few seats away.

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# In the Country



## HONEYMOONING IN BERMUDA

Miss Margaret Lee Aitcheson of Laurel, Maryland and Doctor Robert C. Reisinger of Miami, Florida were married February 11th at seven o'clock P. M. in the Episcopal Church in Laurel, Maryland. Mrs. Reisinger is well known around Washington, D. C. and vicinity in the show ring with her combination hunter and open jumper chestnut mare Why. This past season they had a busy day at the Howard County Hunt show. Why was pinned champion hunter and also reserve jumper, having tied for jump-off with St. Nick at 5'-6". Doctor Reisinger is a graduate in Veterinary from Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Alabama. He was with UNRRA in China for the past year. After a honeymoon in Bermuda, Doctor Reisinger will fly to Ethiopia in connection with Government Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations. Mrs. Reisinger will join him in Ethiopia later.—A. B.

## MALCOLM-EGAN

Of interest on the Pacific Coast is the announcement of the engagement of those two popular young exhibitors of the tanbark, Miss Pat Malcolm of Beverly Hills and Robert Egan of Santa Monica. Miss Malcolm is the owner of that good jumper The Joker and for the past two seasons has exhibited with great success Miss Mary Roger's well known hunter Victory. She is also a successful feature writer for the Pacific Coast horse shows. Robert Egan during the war was at Fort Riley and afterwards served on foreign service in India. He is now in business with his father Capt. Fred Egan, who maintain a successful training and dealing stable in hunters at the Riviera Country Club.—T. P.

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Middleburg Virginia

## NORTH WALES VETERINARIAN

A new arrival at North Wales following close on the heels of Manager Pleas B. Rogers who is now installed at Walter Chrysler's Warrenton establishment, is Dr. Fritz Howard who will act as resident veterinarian. Dr. Howard has been working at the Front Royal Remount Depot for the past two years under Colonel Floyd B. Sager who is known throughout the country as one of the foremost authorities on the care and management of breeding stock. Dr. Howard, a graduate of Ohio University Veterinary College in 1943 goes to work for North Wales March 1st.

## GERRY WEBB MEMORIAL

The committee of the Middleburg Racing Association has received sufficient funds from friends of the late Gerald B. Webb, Jr., former member of their racing committee, to pay for the handsome old silver trophy to be used for the feature timber race on their Fall program. This trophy, known as the Gerald B. Webb, Jr. Memorial, was used for the first time in the fall of 1947 and was won by Mrs. Snowden Richards' Tino Wave. D. C. Sands, chairman and other members of the committee wish to thank all the friends of Mr. Webb's who contributed so generously to this trophy.

## CARL KLEIN'S PHOTO

The masters of foxhounds picture used in our Friday, February 13th issue should have had Carl Klein's credit line attached. Mr. Klein takes a good picture and deserves not to be slighted. He does the M. F. H. A. picture with one shot, too, no mean trick to focus 80 faces in one flash.

## FROM FOX TO DRAG

Fairfield and Westchester Hounds of which Richard I. Robinson and Mrs. Howard P. Serrell have been Joint-Masters at Greenwich, Conn. will turn to drag hunting next year. At the annual meeting on February 14th at Mr. Robinson's home it was unanimously voted to give up hunting fox due to the inroads civilization has made in the country. Mrs. Serrell and Mr. Robinson resigned their mastership in favor of John G. Howland who will become President of the Fairfield and Westchester Hounds, Inc. Vice Presidents are Mrs. Serrell, ex-M. F. H. C. W. Wadsworth Howard, ex-M. F. H. and R. I. Robinson ex-M. F. H. Miss Lelande McCreery is secretary-treasurer. The hunt has 20 1-2 couple of Walker hounds and this pack will be sold to make room for a drag pack. Mr. Robinson has been Master since 1939 and Mrs. Serrell assumed the joint mastership with him in 1942. In spite of valiant efforts to maintain sport, the Merritt Parkway and an increasing number of backyards appear to make drag hunting the only solution and so "Vestigia nulla retrorsum."

## OGDEN SADDLERS, INC.

Many horsemen will be saddened to hear of the death of Eugene L. Ogden whose good saddle shop on Madison Avenue was always a pleasure to visit. Mr. Ogden was a good friend, a quiet but firm believer in quality merchandise which he dispensed to many and sundry horsemen with impartial good faith and honesty. Mrs. Ogden is closing out his business on 701 Madison Avenue and Ogden Saddlers will be missed by many who enjoyed a friendly chat

## Warrenton House

EXCELLENT CUISINE  
CHARMING ATMOSPHERE

MAKE RESERVATIONS  
IN ADVANCE PLEASE

Phone 622 Warrenton, Va.

with this elderly horseman who had seen much water pass over the dam in his lifetime in the harness trade.

## PROFESSIONAL NOTES

The first quarterly Director's meeting of the new year of the Professional Horsemen's Association was held at the Hotel Martinique in New York City on February 9th, and despite the inclement weather was well attended by directors from Virginia, New York, Conn. and New Jersey. Ted Wahl, starting his second consecutive year as President, presided and in the absence of David Wright in his 11th year as secretary, George Chipchase acted as his alternate.

This meeting saw the appointment of various committee heads. Jack Prestage of Virginia, Chairman of the membership committee, promises an energetic drive. Allen King of Portchester, New York, the Vice President of the Association, heads the Grievance Committee assisted by members of the various chapters. Aid to members, one of the foremost endeavors of the P. H. A. finds Treasurer Joe Kingsley at its head. The Finance Department will be ably handled by Frank Hawkins of Goldens Bridge.

The major part of the meeting concerned the discussion of the feasibility of a Professional Horsemen's Association Saddle Horse Cup to be handled by the Western Pennsylvania Chapter of the Association. The Directors favored a Working Hunter Cup for the State of Virginia modeled after the Open Jumper Challenge Trophy of the P. H. A. The Association was gratified to know that its contribution to the United States Olympic Horse Show team along with their best wishes places the P. H. A. high amongst worthy contributors.

The Fairfield and Westchester Chapter was given the sanction of the parent association in regard to their request for a date in May in which to promote a Horse Show:—A. F.

## Chronicle Quiz Answers

1. A horse is well sprung when his ribs are well arched.
2. The Champagne Stakes, Belmont Park, New York, 1 mile. The Pimlico Futurity, Pimlico, Maryland, 1 and 1/16 miles. The Walden Stakes, Pimlico, Maryland, 1 and 1/16 miles.
3. A horse is said to have a glass eye when the pigment is a light blue instead of the usual brown. The vision of such an eye is perfectly normal.
4. A field master is someone designated by the Master of Foxhounds to lead and direct the followers during the course of a hunt.
5. A gaited horse is a saddle horse which has been taught the artificial as well as the natural gaits.
6. A term used principally in bank countries such as Ireland. When a horse jumps over a bank (instead of on and off again) he is said to be fly jumping.

## Great Aunt Amelia

by AIDAN ROARK

A few nights ago G. A. A. went to one of those Hollywood parties. It wasn't one of the super colossal kind, just a cozy little get together of about 250 people, plus roughly 150 photographers who snapped people in every position and from every angle. At first G. A. A. refused to strike a pose, but when she caught on what everyone else was doing she soon got in the spirit of the thing, and before the evening was over she was smiling, scowling and pouting with the best of them.



One of the first to greet G. A. A. was Hamilton Pepperpot. He is a power in the movie industry and a most impressive figure. He stands six feet two in his socks, but with his high heeled shoes on he is a good three inches taller. Broad padded shoulders and a face that isn't easily forgotten make him stand out in any company. "You are not the great Ham Pepperpot who makes all these lovely restful films," said G. A. A. "There is only one Pepperpot," admitted the great man with becoming modesty. "You know my name?" "Yes indeed," said G. A. A. "When I see it flash on the screen I know I can look forward to a good two or three hour nap. To a woman of my age you are a public benefactor. I used to have to buy sleeping pills, but now I just go to see one of your pictures and sleep like a baby." H. P. looked doubtful for a moment, then very pleased. "That's great selling point," he said. "See Pepperpot production and forget troubles."

Unlike many important people H. P. has never bothered to perfect his use of the English language, and is proud of the fact that he achieved great success with very few words. As he said to G. A. A. "I'm well fixed. I own big house complete surrounded by swimming pools. What more could any man want?" "What indeed," observed G. A. A., "except a nice hot tub with plenty of soap and a good stiff scrubbing brush." After a moment H. P. roared with laughter, and when he laughed everyone else laughed too. G. A. A. smiled. "I'm beginning to like it here," she said, "people aren't a bit sensitive."

## Warrenton Hunt

12th Annual Old Fashioned

## POINT-TO-POINT RACES

Saturday, March 20, 1948

FIRST RACE FOR INDIVIDUALS, about 5 miles, over the Warrenton country.

SECOND RACE FOR TEAMS OF TWO, lady and gentleman, about 6 miles over the Warrenton country.

ENTRIES CLOSE WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17

THE TIME AND START OF THE RACES  
WILL BE ANNOUNCED BY THE COMMITTEE  
AT 3 P. M. MARCH 19

For information telephone Warrenton 318  
or Warrenton 372 after that time.

AMORY S. CARHART, M. F. H.  
R. D. McGRATH  
F. H. PRINCE, JR.

Committee

MELVILLE H. BEARNS  
W. HENRY POOL  
ARNOLD SCRUTON

*Announcing*  
**a new series of maiden hurdle races**  
TO BE CALLED  
**THE**  
**NATIONAL MAIDEN HURDLE RACE**

**--- THREE EVENTS ---**

**Belmont Park Spring Meeting, Delaware Park, Saratoga**

**Nominations Close March 15, 1948**

**CONDITIONS**

**For three-year-olds and upward.**

**Maidens at the time of closing.**

By subscription of \$150 each (\$50 for each race) which entitles the subscriber to name one horse for a series of three races to be run during the 1948 Spring Meeting at Belmont Park and the meetings at Delaware Park and Saratoga, \$100 additional to start in each race. Each association to add \$5,000 of which \$1,500 to second, \$750 to third and \$375 to fourth, the subscription fees to be divided equally for the three races and the starting fees to be added for the particular race for which the starters are named. Winners to receive subscription and starting fees. Weights: three-year-olds, 135 lbs.; four-year-olds, 142 lbs.; older, 150 lbs. Winners after closing: of \$1,000 or two races, 6 lbs. extra; of \$1,000 twice or three races, 11 lbs.; of \$3,000, 14 lbs.; of \$3,000 twice 18 lbs. Starters to be named through the entry box the day preceding each race at the usual time of closing.

**About one mile and three quarters.**

**THE COMMITTEE**

MR. GEORGE D. WIDENER, President, Westchester Racing Assn. (Belmont Park)  
MR. DONALD P. ROSS, President, Delaware Steeplechase and Race Assn.  
MR. F. S. VON STADE, President, The Saratoga Assn.

**For Further Information:**

**JOHN E. COOPER, Racing Secretary**

**250 PARK AVENUE,**

**NEW YORK 17, N. Y.**



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